The Outlook

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The Impossible Occurs

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has been interviewed. For once the White House spokesman, unofficial and indefinite, gave place to the President in his own proper person, speaking in his own way his own words.

There are several remarkable things about this unprecedented occurrence. One is that, while it took place on a Friday at White Pine Camp in the Adirondacks, it was not printed in the newspapers until the following Thursday, five days after the President had returned to the routine of official life in Washington. Evidently, the interviewer took plenty of time to go over his "copy," and it is by no means unlikely that the interviewed had a look at it before it was released to the papers. The hot haste of the dailies was, for once, withstood.

The man who has the distinction of obtaining the first interview with President Coolidge is Bruce Barton, editor and author, connected at one time or another with several prominent magazines. That the honor went to a Tennessean rather than to a New Englander is explicable on the ground that, after all, rural communities and rural characters of the two sections are not essentially different. There is, however, a more likely explanation. Mr. Barton is an Amherst man.

Interviewing is a difficult art. It is an art falsely named. Its purpose is not an exchange of views between two men, but the bringing out by one man of the views of the other. Still, there is always the possibility that the product is more nearly true to name than it was meant to be. One can never be sure as to just how much of an interview is interviewed and how much interviewer. In this case, no one—not even Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Barton—can quite definitely know how much of it is Coolidge and how much Barton. As much as this, however, all of us may know: This interview is what an interview with Calvin Coolidge ought to be. It reveals what the American people have always believed of him. Whether that is the result of Barton's art or Coolidge's artlessness does not so greatly matter. As a first interview, it was a success. The public will, no doubt, look forward to more like it.

Perhaps just here is the place for the telling of a blunt truth. The public has never cared very much for the White House spokesman. It would care a great deal more for Calvin Coolidge as his own spokesman, even if the quotation marks were written by a much less artistic hand than that of Bruce Barton, even if they were written by such hands as those of the general run of Washington correspondents.

Photograph by Wm. E. Thomas

Bruce Barton

Perhaps it is not necessary to tell this truth. It may be that the President has found it out.

Coolidge Confirms Himself

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is revealed, in Bruce Barton's interview, as decidedly a human person—such a person, in fact, as most people have always believed him to be, though they have never before been able to base their belief on intimate statements of his own.

He believes that the world is growing better. He likes Burns and Whittier better than any of the other poets because they are simpler, but he used to like Riley and Kipling, too, when he had time to read them. He does not like sitting in a box at the theater; he had rather be down in the sixth or seventh row. He does not go horseback riding in Washington because he would have to fool away too much time changing clothes. He is a good party man, but he finds that the atmosphere of the White House is not conducive to partisan decisions. He does not find the work of the Presidency beyond the capacity of one man. But he gets tired of his work and wishes for something else, as all normal men do. He does not indulge in any drivel about the love of work. Indeed, he goes some way toward confirming the belief that the real work of the world is done by persons who want to get through and rest.

He believes that his farmer father was a great man. He reveres the memories of the three good women whose influence he most directly felt in his boyhood. He believes that women, even if they look forward to public careers, should marry and bring up families. His attachments to his old home are as strong as ever. He feels that he must go back there as often as he can in order to keep in touch with the life of the people. He draws inspiration from the men and women among whom he was brought up.

He is not worrying about what will become of him when he retires to private life. The old farm is his, and he believes that he can make a living on it for himself and his family.

Calvin Coolidge is blessed in greater measure than most men. He has never had any trouble going to sleep. It used to be said that sound sleep and a clear conscience go together. Mr. Coolidge's conscience may not be always clear—what man's is?—but he has, in the discharge of his duties, "an abiding faith in a divine power which is working for the good of humanity."

One of Our Ex-Presidents

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is quoted in the Barton interview as saying that, when he is tempted to do more work than a man ought to do, he remembers that there is only one former President

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alive. He obviously refers to Mr. Taft. Just as obviously, he overlooks Colonel House. We fear that the President's political enemies will accuse him of conniving with Sentor Carter Glass to cast doubt upon the status of the erstwhile silent gentleman as a past President of the Republic.

Mr. Coolidge came back to an almost deserted Washington, so far as official personages are concerned. Mr. Glass is the only Senator who remained practically all summer in the capital. And he was not there officially, though he was working mainly with official documents. Senator Glass is writing a book on Woodrow Wilson. It is said that Mr. Glass's understanding of almost everything is quite the opposite of Colonel House's understanding of the same thing. Glass knew Wilson at least as intimately as House knew him. He is more the writer than House. Indeed, he is master and past-master of the art of controversial writing. He has been a long time a public servant, but longer still he has been an editorial writer. If he is undertaking to prove that Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States from 1913 to 1921, the claims of Colonel House will almost certainly suffer.

It is hardly to be believed that Carter Glass is devoting the whole of his attention to correcting what he regards as errors in the House book. If he is attempting an account of Wilson's work as President, it ought to be a book superior, not only to the House account, but to the Daniels account, the Lawrence account, and other accounts extant. Few men are so well qualified as Carter Glass to write of Wilson, the President.

Statistics and Prohibition

A REPORT just issued by the Moderation League makes very broad statements about the evil effects of prohibition. It represents the "next generation" as drinking "as never before." It cites statistics to show that drunkenness in over five hundred cities increased almost twice as fast in 1925 as it did in 1924. It declares that relatively the "dry States"—that is, the States that had a dry law before the Eighteenth Amendment—"are now in worse condition, as compared with 1914, than are wet States." It cites certain cities specifically to show the increase in drunkenness. It declares that drunken driving increased in Massachusetts 544 per cent more than automobiles and in New Jersey 480 per cent. It ascribes all these alleged evils to the Volstead Act.

Almost simultaneously has come the announcement of a book by Irving Fisher called "Prohibition at Its Worst." He offers statistics on the other side. For example, he reports that computations made for him "from data of the Fingerprint Bureau, New York City Magistrates' Court, show a steady and pronounced decrease in the number of single-time offenders for drunkenness, from 20 per 10,000 population for the year 1914, to only 4 per 10,000 population for the year 1925." And he comments: "The startling fact stands out, of primary importance, that, even in New York City, prohibition has succeeded in weakening, if not breaking, the chain of tradition by which the alcohol habit has, for ages, been handed down from each generation to the next."

Similarly, Professor Fisher examines statistics from 626 cities and towns in the United States which go to prove to his satisfaction—

1. That there has been a very substantial reduction in arrests for drunkenness and
2. A still greater reduction in drunkenness.

What is even more to the point is that these and other statistics that Professor Fisher cites are in correction of the statistics set forth by Stanley Shirk, Research Director of the Moderation League. Professor Fisher, who is Professor of Economics at Yale University, pays a tribute to the courage and honesty of the gentlemen composing the Moderation League, but suggests that the Research Director of the Moderation League "is a lawyer who evidently needs statistical training."

Ford Practices as He Preaches

ONE of the bottom-rock principles laid down in Henry Ford's writings about industry is this: "The only way to get the best product is to pay a high price for a high grade of human service, and to see to it that through management you get that service." In extension of what Mr. Ford has already done in this direction, the announcement came from him officially near the end of September that hereafter the Ford work-week will be a five-day week. The pay for a week's work is to remain as it is—that is, a Ford worker who now gets $30 a week for six days' work (and that is practically the minimum) will continue to draw his $30 and will have both Saturday and Sunday free. Eight hours will continue to be a day's work, without overtime.

While the change will come gradually, it is now a permanent policy, to put into complete effect as fast as the adjustment of the vast departments will permit. In fact, it is already installed in some sections.

Mr. Ford understands human nature. Men will be more energetic, will put more brain work into their toil, will see to it that things are pushed along, if they are cheered by good pay and the prospect of time for pleasure and home. This is what has made Saturday a general half-holiday (and in summer-time largely a whole holiday) without any perceptible slacking of industry. Mr. Ford believes that improved machinery and wholesale methods make the long work-day of the past a bygone practice.

Canoe Defeats Auto

THOSE who have feared that the canoe would be driven by the motor car from its last unspoiled labyrinth of lakes and streams may rest easy. The watery wilderness of Superior National Forest is not to be cut to pieces by motor highways.

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine has announced the policy of the Department concerning roads in Superior. There will always be at least a thousand square miles in the area containing the best of the lakes and canoe routes in which there will be no roads. In the rest of the forest some roads will be constructed, but only such as, "in connection with water routes and logging railroads, will enable the Forest Service to protect the Forest adequately from fire." The main road to be constructed covers a stretch of seven miles, from Ely to Fernberg Lookout. A hundred and fifty thousand acres of National Forest land is dependent upon Fernberg for protection facilities, and the Secretary believes that a road to that point is essential. He has disapproved the projects for roads from Fernberg Lookout to Gunflint Lake and from Gunflint to Seagull Lake as not necessary to the protection of the Forest. He believes that the road to Fernberg will not impair the big

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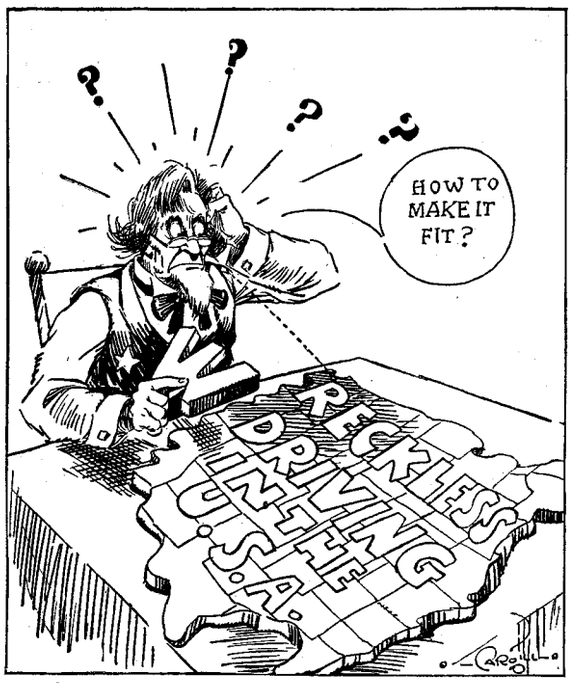
O you mortal engines

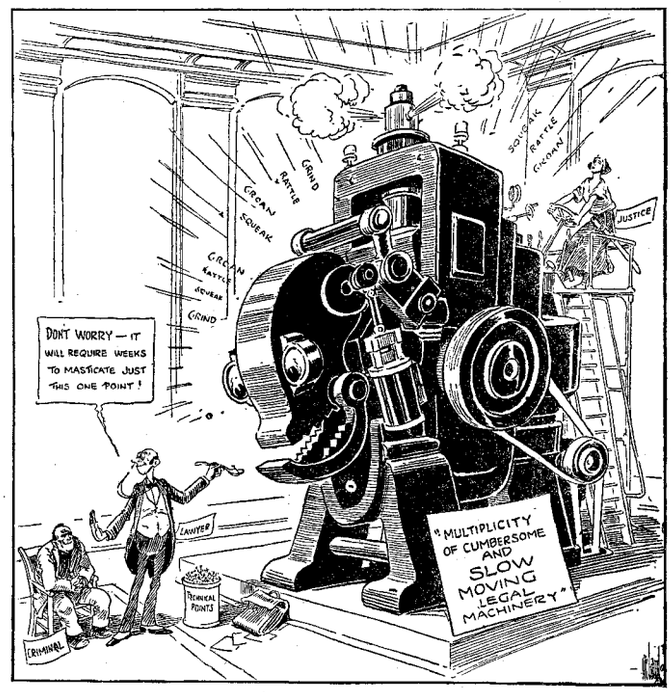
(Othello Act III, Scene 3)

Cargill for the Central Press Association



The jig-saw puzzle of the moment

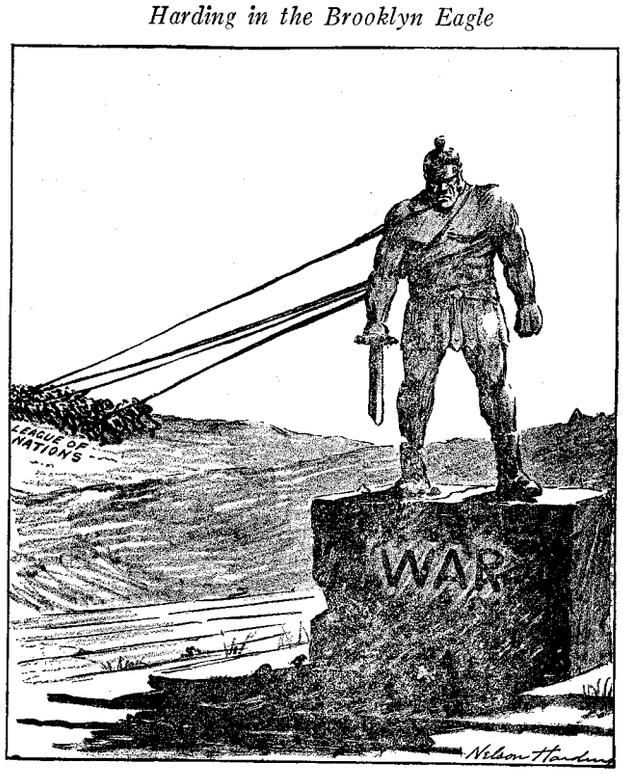
Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Evening Dispatch


DONT WORRY — IT WILL REQUIRE WEEKS TO MASTICATE JUST THIS ONE POINT!
"MULTIPLICITY OF CUMBERSOME AND SLOW MOVING LEGAL MACHINERY"
JUSTICE
LAWYER
CRIMINAL
TECHNICAL POINTS

When will the United States simplify the machinery of justice?

From Grace Ghent Dean, Columbus, Ohio

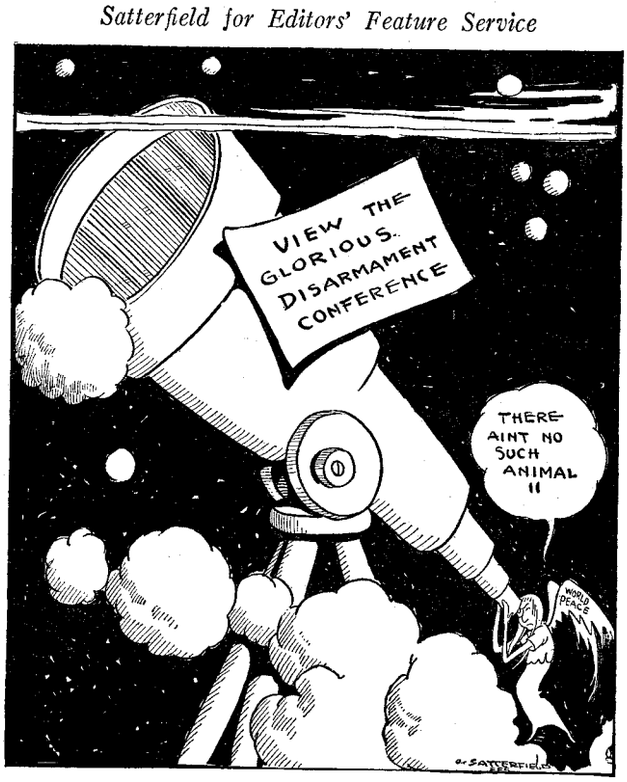
Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



Toppling the idol

From Henry Charles Suter, Marion, Mass.

Satterfield for Editors' Feature Service



Nowhere in sight

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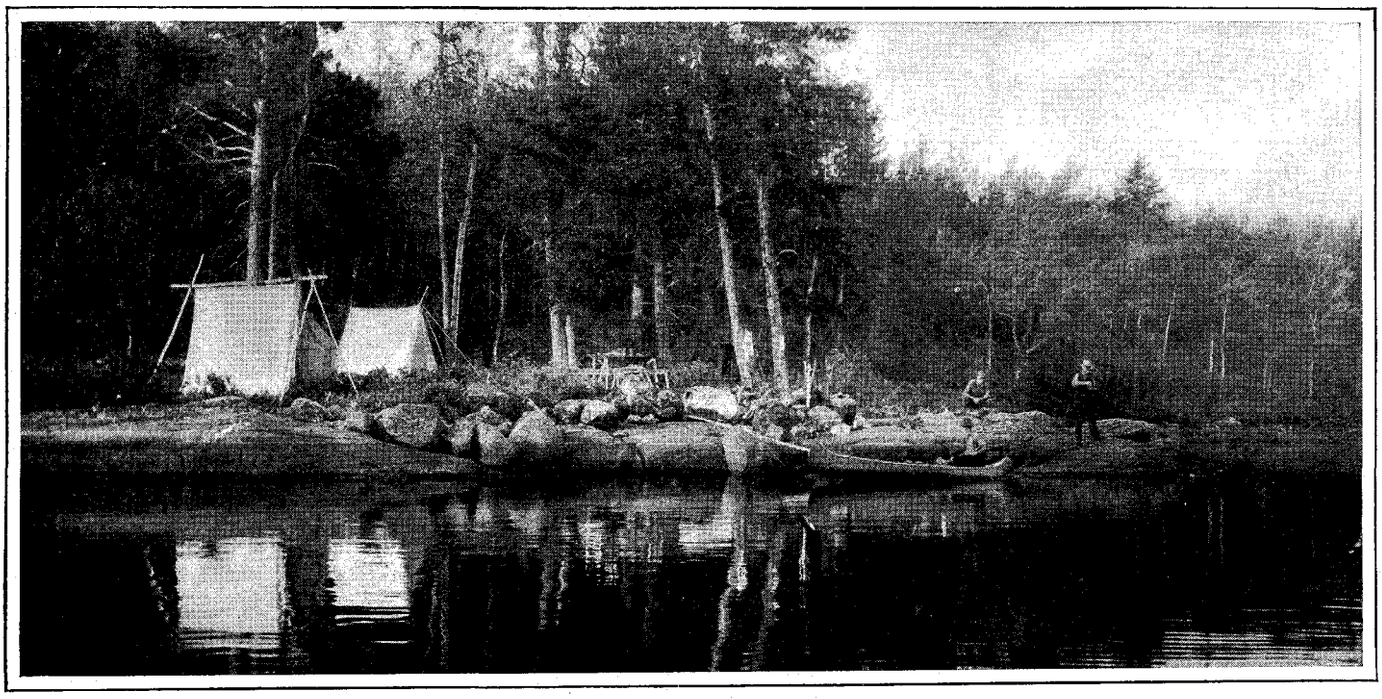

Wide World

A Sanctuary for Canoes in the Superior National Forest

wilderness area surrounding the Kawashiwi Lakes and waterways.

The fight to save this region of matchless canoe routes was won, largely, by game and recreation organizations and against formidable opposition. Such decisions are, of course, revocable; but there is no reason, now, for suspecting that this one ever will be revoked. No hard-surfaced road is likely at any time to push its way among the lakes. There is, however, danger that the wildness and availability of these canoe routes may yet be impaired. The power-site pilferers are still to be reckoned with.

Will Congress Heed? A Lesson of the Sikorsky Wreck

Two gallant men lie dead as a result of the Sikorsky airplane disaster, reported in last week's issue of The Outlook. A great plane is nothing but ashes and twisted scrap.

The coroner has absolved all those involved in the disaster from blame. It is probable that the findings of the coroner are correct. Those who risked their lives and their fortunes in the venture, if they erred in judgment, have paid a heavy penalty for their mistake.

If the United States had an air law, such a disaster as this would doubtless be made the subject of an impartial technical inquiry which might do much to eliminate a repetition. The lessons learned from such a disaster could be turned to the profit of the cause of aviation. One of the major duties of the next Congress will be the passage of an air code.

A Secret Tragedy of the North

Under the emotional impulse of a religious conversion, the Eskimo Kudlooktoo poured forth last summer to his people and a missionary the story of a homicide committed seventeen years ago by himself. The victim was an American, Ross G. Marvin, a valued and honored member of the Peary expedition that attained the North Pole.

Marvin, in accordance with Peary's plan for reducing by stages the size of the expedition, turned back at 86° 38′ with two Eskimos, Kudlooktoo and Inukitsoq (or Harrigan). Three days out, says Kudlooktoo, Marvin became angry with Harrigan for alleged disobedience, acted "like a sane man who was without use of his faculties," ordered Harrigan to shift for himself, and refused to give him any provisions. Before that, Harrigan himself says, Marvin had never got angry, but was always good-humored and liked by the Eskimos. Kudlooktoo believed that this was a death sentence to his friend, and that "the new Marvin didn't know what he was doing." After a pretense of a hunt for seal Kudlooktoo came back to the sled where Harrigan still was, got a rifle and killed Marvin. Harrigan confirms Kudlooktoo's account. By agreement the Eskimos on reaching the ship Roosevelt declared that Marvin had been drowned in an ice lead. The story was accepted without question.

In his book "The North Pole" Peary paid an earnest tribute to Marvin's efficiency and friendly character. Marvin, a Cornell graduate and instructor, and a fine mathematician, was always willing and ready, and Peary particularly noted that "when the Eskimos came aboard his good humor, his quiet directness, and his physical competence gained him at once their friendship and respect. From the very first he was able to manage these odd people with uncommon success."

No one will ever know just what took place in the Far North. Probably the Eskimos honestly believe that Marvin was dangerous and out of his mind—it is unreasonable to suppose that they would make a false confession when there was no pressure on them to open up an incident all but forgotten. But the Eskimos' temperament is peculiar: if they trust and understand the white, they are, Commander Fitzhugh Green says, kind and generous; but, he adds, they are apt to become panicky under pressure of fight or hardship and then to behave madly and foolishly. In this case an attempt to enforce discipline by their white commander may have thrown them off their balance and made them panic-stricken.

Ross Marvin was by Peary accounted the most valuable man in the party except Captain Bartlett, of the Roosevelt. Whatever theory, or combination of theories, about his death may be ac-

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cepted, it remains true that he is one of the heroic figures in the many toilful explorations by which knowledge of the world's surface has been attained.

Why Whitewash the Kaiser?

GERMANY has chosen the moment of her entry into the League of Nations to raise again the question of responsibility for the war. It was the worst possible time to do it. The action displays one of the most irritating qualities of the German mind, which has caused most trouble for Germany herself. That is the tendency to assume that because some ground has been given any amount of ground may be taken.

Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, created a thoroughly favorable impression by his manner at the League sessions when Germany was admitted. Then, before leaving Geneva, he made an informal speech at an evening gathering, in the course of which he said that now, with Germany a member of the League, the whole burden of war guilt could not be assumed to rest solely upon German shoulders.

Poincaré, as Premier of France, speaking before the National Convention of War Veterans, inevitably took it upon himself to reply. What he said was remarkable for its restraint of tone. It amounted to saying that there is no reason why the German Republic should feel an obligation to excuse the former German Empire. But his address and the response to it left no doubt that France holds undiminished the consciousness that war was forced upon her. Her present willingness to come to a working arrangement with Germany means a realistic sense of present needs, not a forgetfulness of the past. "You did not blame all Germans without distinction," cried Poincaré to the gathering of veterans. "If Germany of to-day would openly disavow some of the actions of Germany of yesterday, how much easier it would be for you to turn your eyes from your scars and stretch out your hands to the authors of your wounds!"

Behind the scenes of politics a real and earnest work of readjustment of French and German interests to each other is going on. Briand and Stresemann have outlined the terms of a mutual understanding, and what they have done has been approved by both Governments. They are free to go further and work for the evacuation of the Rhineland and the Sarre basin and the proposed sale of German railway bonds for reparations to stabilize French currency and finance. It is a time to forget constituencies of irreconcilables, to let

Wide World

Ross G. Marvin

the issue of war guilt rest, and to carry through the reorganization of European life, which alone can insure the welfare of either France or Germany.

A Boxer Beats a Bruiser

TWENTY-FIVE million people, it is estimated, "listened in" over the radio, at the expense of a typewriter company, to the world's heavyweight championship bout between Dempsey, the champion, and Tunney, the challenger. One hundred and thirty-five thousand others, said to be the largest number that ever saw a sporting event, sat through a heavy downpour of rain to witness—many of them very obscurely—the fight in the squared ring. The next day the New York "Times," the most conservative of the great American newspapers, devoted six of its eight first-page columns and more than four other pages to the story of the fisticuffs. It is doubtful whether any public event less than the outbreak of another world war would command public attention or arouse public interest to the extent indicated by these evidences.

The evils inherent in such a state of affairs are obvious. The lust of combat is not without virtue, but the lust for blood on the part of those who sit in safety watching others fight has no redeeming quality. The commercialism that supplies for a price a spectacle for public enjoyment has at least the merit of enterprise and may have the merit of public service, but the commercialism that puts a price on such spectacles far above the price paid for great and lasting works of art or devoted service to the public order and safety is corrupting. Inseparable from such contests is the suspicion that they are subject to manipulation for a price.

From this particular combat, however, there has been at least one good issue. In the past most heavyweight bouts have been essentially fights between bruisers. The man who was able to hit the hardest and hit first has been counted the better man. To call a heavyweight fighter a boxer has been to apply to him a term of reproach. Dempsey has been a typical slugger. He has been reputed a "killer" and therefore invincible. The so-called experts on pugilism were all but unanimous in predicting a victory for Dempsey because he was believed to be able to hit first, hardest, and longest of any man in the ring. Typical of this view of the pugilistic merits of the man known as the Manassa mauler is this passage from the prediction of a writer in the New York "Evening World:"

> All told Gene is a credit to himself and the sport of boxing. He might make the most popular champion that ever lived just because he is a nice clean boy who has lived the life of all that is holy and respectable.
>
> In this connection we can't help remembering what he said at Saratoga when we told him he would make a better priest than a fighter. He reached out and grasped our hand and answered: "You don't know how you compliment me."
>
> It seemed very fitting on that occasion, but we could easily imagine Dempsey's answer to such a suggestion. He probably would have kicked us in the shins. Can you imagine a man like that licking Dempsey? We can't.

It is this view of heavyweight professional pugilism that has generally prevailed and has brought the so-called "manly art of self-defense" into disrepute. In the light of this view many doubtless read with skepticism the answer which Governor Pinchot made to a Pittsburgh clergyman who had objected to the holding of the Dempsey-Tunney fight on Pennsylvania soil. In

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the course of his reply Governor Pinchot wrote:

> I am very far from regarding boxing as a degrading sport. Roosevelt used to box as a youngster. . . . It is true that Roosevelt boxed as an amateur and that Tunney and Dempsey will box as professionals, but the boxing in both cases is done with the same weapons and under the same rules. . . . Boxing in itself, in my judgment, is an admirable exercise. . . .
>
> My father saw to it that I learned to box as a small boy, and I hope that my son will do likewise. I call your attention particularly to the fact that the nations in which boys and men are in the habit of doing their fighting with their fists are precisely those in which they are not in the habit of using the knife or the bullet for that purpose.
>
> On the basis of some personal experience, I regard boxing as a sport admirably fitted for physical development, and also for fostering the qualities of initiative, steadiness, courage, and endurance, which are so necessary in the battle of life.
>
> For all of these reasons, and for many others with which I shall not burden you, I believe that I have done the right thing in standing behind the Pennsylvania law in the matter of the Dempsey-Tunney boxing match. So believing, I see no reason why I should not attend the match myself, and I have arranged to do so. Also I earnestly hope to see Tunney win.

Tunney's complete victory over Dempsey did much to vindicate Governor Pinchot's view. It was the victory of a boxer over a bruiser. Tunney's defense, all agree, was well-nigh perfect. The "killer" could not reach his victim, not because he was no longer a "killer," but because for the first time he had met his equal in physique and courage who had the art of self-defense. And he could not withstand the blows of his opponent, not because he was soft, but because he lacked the art of self-defense. Those who pinned their faith in mere slugging as well as those who hoped to see two heavyweights batter each other into pulp were disappointed. And their theories of pugilism have been discredited.

For having this lesson administered to him in person the former champion has received more than a quarter of a million dollars. How many millions were spent in providing a school-room for that lesson and a class to watch the laboratory experiment can only be surmised. It has been a high price to pay; but if the lesson has been learned it may prove to be worth the price. Hereafter at least the clean-living youth, who serves his country, has some ideals apart from sport and some ambitions apart from becoming a "killer," and values self-control and skill, will not be called "poor Tunney."

America and the World Court

BY their very terms in accepting the reservations that the United States has made to its proposed membership in the World Court, the nations that belong to the Court are making it most unlikely that the United States will join.

It is concerning the Fifth Reservation that the disagreement between the United States and the members of the Court arises. This reservation states that the Court should not render an advisory opinion in any matter in which the United States has or claims an interest, without the consent of the United States. Concerning this the Conference says in part: "The Conference understands that the object of the United States is to assure to itself a position of equality with states represented either in the Council or in the Assembly of the League of Nations. This principle should be agreed to." And the Conference adroitly adds that "in order to assure equality of treatment, it seems necessary that the signatory states, acting together and by not less than a two-thirds majority, should possess corresponding rights to withdraw their acceptance of the special conditions attached by the United States to its adherence" to the Court.

That either the Administration at Washington or the Senate will agree to this form of acceptance of the reservations which the Senate made and the Administration approved we cannot imagine.

The signatories to the Court have a very good excuse for their unwillingness to accept the Fifth Reservation as it stands. They find that it is impossible to say with certainty whether the request for an advisory opinion by the Council or the Assembly requires a unanimous vote or merely a decision by a majority. If it requires a unanimous vote, then insistence by the United States upon its power to prevent an advisory opinion does not go beyond the rights which other nations have; but if a decision by a majority is sufficient, then the insistence of the United States is virtually insistence upon a right which no other nation claims for itself, and therefore presumably cannot be granted. Practically what the Conference proposes is that the United States be admitted on its own terms under the condition that if its terms prove in practice to give the United States a position of privilege then the acceptance of the United States as a member can be withdrawn.

The offer of equality with other nations is of course considerate, but it does not meet the condition that the United States regards as essential. The United States is not interested in putting itself on an equality with the members of the League. What it is seeking is not equality but the maintenance of its independence.

The contention that questions may be submitted to the Court for an advisory opinion by a majority vote is of serious import to the United States. That other nations do not consider it a serious import to them is not our concern. For instance, a question involving the right of immigration might under that theory be submitted to the Court for an advisory opinion. That would touch upon a matter of vital domestic concern to the United States. Or there might be submitted to the Court for an advisory opinion a question as to the application of the Monroe Doctrine. That would touch upon a matter of vital concern in the foreign policy of the United States.

We do not insist that Great Britain, for example, should submit to an advisory opinion of the Court regarding the policy of "Imperial preference" in trade, or that Japan accept an advisory opinion regarding her rights in Manchuria. If Japan and Great Britain are willing to submit to such advisory opinions, it is not our business; and if we are not willing to submit to similar advisory opinions, we feel that it is not their business or the business of any other signatories of the Court.

And it is most unlikely that either the Senate or the Administration will consent to have the United States join the Court without knowing what its rights are in advance. To attempt to put a League construction on an American reservation will not promote American co-operation with European nations. And to allow the United States to go in

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and then have its reservations rejected afterwards would serve neither international amity nor international equity.

Librarians

AN airplane which crashed to the ground in California a few weeks ago caused the injury of its pilot and the death of the passenger. The latter was a librarian who for twenty years had held a responsible position in a large public library on the Atlantic coast. He was widely known among librarians for his professional work, but in the obituary notices, on the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers, little was said of his vocation. This was because he was far better known for his mountain climbing and traveling, and as a writer and lecturer upon these subjects. In appearance a studious man, he was a devotee of outdoor life and a follower of sports which had a large element of risk. The airplane flight which ended in his death was taken for the purposes of photography and observation among the mountains which were so dear to him; it was by no means his first experience of aviation. He held the record for the first ascent of Mount Moran, and under hazardous conditions; and it was his custom to spend his vacations in mountaineering among the peaks of the Canadian Rockies and other mountain chains in North America. His vacations frequently began with a hurried trip to New England or the Adirondacks, to climb some one of the Eastern peaks; after which he would cross the continent and spend a week or two in one of the coast ranges. Then there might be enough time left for a few days' climbing or exploration in Mexico before his return to the East and to what newspapers would call his "cloistered" occupation for the next eleven months.

The editor of a Sunday newspaper was impressed by the life and death of this librarian; they were very different from his conception of such a career. His readers, he felt sure, had a mental picture of a librarian, and it was of a little old gentleman with a white beard and a black-silk skull-cap "dreaming his life away" (to use the stock phrase) "amid musty tomes" (to use another). So he sent one of his special writers to get a story about the mountaineer's associates. The result was that which might have been expected. He found the same number of men with athletic inclinations which would have been found in a business firm with the same number of employees. As a library attracts a good many university men, he also discovered two former members of Olympic teams, a football coach, two or three football players, some sprinters, oarsmen, and others whose athletic performances belonged to a not very distant past. If he had looked a little farther, he might have found a swimmer who could give handicaps to ninety-nine men out of a hundred of half his age.

Keystone

General José Maria Orellana, President of Guatemala, attained his office by a revolution. Two months later (April, 1922) his authority was confirmed in an election by a large majority. His six-year term had a year and a half yet to run when he died on September 26

This may have been a disturbing discovery to newspaper tradition—which is always to reverence the old superstitions. But it amused the librarians, who know how curious is the popular and uninformed notion of a library. Some former newspaper men direct libraries; many thousands of them use libraries daily, and know the facts. But let any nine reporters out of ten be given assignments to write a story about a library, and it is a certainty that the words "musty tomes" will get into the first paragraph. The rest will be about "bookworms," "delvers into ancient volumes," "poets and dreamers," "ancient sages," and the like. One sub-librarian, whose business it is to talk with reporters hunting for stories, offers a standing bet that eighty-five per cent of them within six seconds of beginning the conversation will remark:

"You must have an awful lot of curious old characters around here. I wish you'd tell me something about them."

Into the library in which he works there came, last year, visitors and readers to the astounding average number of *more than ten thousand daily;* the reader may judge whether such a building contains many dreamy cloisters, whether its "tomes" have much opportunity to get musty, or whether its staff can accumulate large masses of cobwebs and mold upon their persons. On the contrary, there might be found a respectable minority among American librarians who believe that leisure and calm and scholarly quiet are soon to become badly wanted in many of our libraries, and that it is time for them to imitate the English universities more and American business offices rather less. When books are passed out all day long at the rate of ten or twelve a minute, what chance is there left for consultation between librarian and reader? How can the man who has familiarity with at least some of these books give his advice —if it is sought—to the seeker for information? Have not American libraries, or many of them, at all events, been rather too successful in attracting a large number of readers, in building up figures of circulation, to the neglect of the quality of reading?

"The public library," aptly said an American librarian, "should be a fountain, not a cistern." For fifty years that has been drilled into his associates, and with notable success. The stock figure of fun of the past was old Mr. Sibley, the Harvard librarian, closing the library on Saturday afternoon, with the grim remark:

"All the books are on the shelves except two. Agassiz has those, and I'm going over to get them now."

The typical figure of the present would be that of the public librarian, whose shelves are nearly bare. He would be saying:

"Every book is out except some antiquated and useless text-books and a couple of hundred of ten-year-old novels that nobody wants. I'm going down tonight to have the annual struggle with the City Council for more money to buy more books."

If there is any doubt about the value of big figures of circulation, or about

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making the libraries the home of efficiency (its horrors along with its blessings), such a doubt does not exist, apparently, in the councils of the American Library Association. That body is to celebrate its fiftieth birthday this autumn; for fifty years its members have met annually, covering the length and breadth of the land in their conventions, enduring hotel beds and hotel food, and listening to thousands of addresses which have varied but slightly in the half-century. As with all such bodies, its members sat under endless repetition of generalities and platitudes for the sake of the occasional practical and useful speech. It has drawn up resolutions and appointed committees without number. There have been pleasant acquaintanceships which have had valuable results. Through all these years two exceedingly commendable objects have been kept in view, with a large degree of success: to foster the increase of libraries and their resources, and to make such libraries simple and easy of access. American librarians have been a trifle too much inclined to pity the poor Europeans, with the rules and restrictions which hedge in their book collections, and to forget that this country can rarely match the foreign libraries in the value of their books or in the learning of their librarians. Yet on both continents libraries have developed according to the national spirit, and it is certainly in accordance with our beliefs that, if the choice has to be made, it is better to have a thousand good books, available to a thousand persons, than to have the same number of highly precious works, accessible to only two or three readers.

In the wide development of the free public library America has had a part for which it need feel no shame. When the American Library Association meets, fifty years from now, to celebrate its hundredth anniversary, perhaps the question will have been decided whether libraries should go on trying to increase and widen their use or prefer to improve the quality of their work.

Kickless "Punch"

"A CLOUD no bigger than a man's hand"—that phrase has become the symbol of coming events that cast their shadows before them. In the skies of Great Britain a small cloud has appeared. We leave it to such prophets as there may be to tell us what it portends.

The cloud has come in the form of an announcement from "Punch." It reads briefly, "No advertisements for alcoholic beverages will be accepted after the existing contracts expire." There was a time when liquor advertisements began to fade away from the pages of reputable American journals. The cloud of disapproval grew until the heavens opened and the rains descended.

What moves "Punch" to this action? What will Johnny Walker and his confrères think of this exclusion from the pages of a journal which has long been to them a familiar home? Maybe the increase in automobile advertising in the pages of "Punch" may have caused the shutting of once friendly portals. Liquor and autos do not mix. Maybe it was the hope of increasing the American circulation of "Punch" which led to the decision—an increase, we may add, which we would witness with profound pleasure.

We do not know what the argument was; but if there be soothsayers in Great Britain they should be about their soothsaying.

"Have Faith in Indiana"

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

UNDER the above title Mr. Elmer Davis, a journalist who has achieved a current reputation for clever flippancy, contributes to "Harper's Magazine" for October a humorous article on the Hoosier State. Although a Hoosier himself, Mr. Davis looks at Indiana a little superciliously, a point of view which he perhaps acquired at Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar. Amusing as it is, Mr. Davis's article does not give the reader much of an impression of either Hoosier humor or Hoosier culture. Perhaps, however, this is not the fault of Indiana, but of Mr. Davis himself.

Fortunately, however—fortunately for me, I mean, for Indiana can get on very well without either my views or Mr. Davis's concerning its essential and worth-while characteristics—just after I had read the article in question there fell into my hands, by an odd coincidence, two pamphlets and some newspaper articles which disclosed a much pleasanter view of Indiana than Mr. Davis had succeeded in giving.

One pamphlet is the illustrated descriptive catalogue of an exhibit of the paintings of a Hoosier artist, John Elwood Bundy, in the Public Art Gallery of Richmond, Indiana. It was sent to me by Mrs. M. F. Johnston, Director of the Richmond Gallery, who has done a modest but far-reaching work in enabling the people of Indiana, and especially its school-children, to see fine examples of contemporary painting, both American and foreign. Mr. Bundy was born in North Carolina, but has been a citizen of Indiana for more than sixty years. About ten years ago Mrs. Johnston gave the readers of The Outlook some account of his work. Like Diaz, of Barbizon, he has been especially a painter of trees, and the Richmond "Palladium" is not exaggerating when it says that he "has immortalized the beech woods of his home State." There are some other Hoosier artists—Olive Rush and Theodore C. Steele, for example—whose pictures are worth seeing and thinking about.

This leads me to making a suggestion. Why does not the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce engage one of the dealers' galleries in New York City and give an exhibition there, under its auspices, of the work of Indiana artists? In doing this the Chamber would not only "boom" an interesting and worth-while side of Indiana competency, but would make a much-needed contribution to the education of New Yorkers, who are extremely provincial and ignorant in their conceptions of the real values of the Mid-West. Why confine the exhibitions of the products of a great State to hogs, corn, and automobiles?

This proposed display of Indiana art in New York might be put under the charge of Mrs. Johnston or Miss Lillian Weyl, of Indianapolis, or Mr. Henry Noble Sherwood, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Indiana. I mention Mr. Sherwood's name because the second pamphlet which has strengthened my faith in Indiana, and which lies before me as I write, was edited by Miss Weyl under his direction. It is a beauti-

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fully printed and illustrated booklet entitled "Bulletin No. 81," and is a manual on picture study to be used by Indiana teachers in elementary and high schools. If there is anything of the kind equal to it published by the educational department of any other State, I am not aware of the fact. Among other illustrations this Bulletin contains two full pages in color of canvases in the John Herron Institute of Indianapolis—one "Woods in Winter," by John E. Bundy, and the other "Gramercy Park," by Felicie Howell. There are other reproductions in black and white of some of the treasures of the John Herron Museum, notably Sargent's beautiful portrait of James Whitcomb Riley. I have just said that New Yorkers are provincial with regard to the Mid-West. I am a living example. I never heard before of John Herron or of the Art Museum that bears his name, but the next time I go to Indianapolis I shall steer straight for this gallery. It will doubtless be as refreshing as the Art Institute of Chicago.

I notice that a page of "Bulletin No. 81" is devoted to Claude Monet and that the high school students of Indiana are advised to become familiar, not only with the work of his brush, but with his almost revolutionary influence on modern painting. Monet specially interests me, and perhaps Miss Weyl and Mr. Sherwood will understand if I reprint here something that I said in The Outlook a year ago about him:

> Monet is the greatest of the moderns in producing the optical effects of light through the medium of paint. I have a peculiar affection for Monet, because twenty-five or thirty years ago he taught me to see the amazing streaks of color on a spring hillside—a beauty to which I had been before then almost blind. But it is not his gardens and hillsides that attract me to the Monet room. It is the three fine examples of his Thames series, especially his "Waterloo Bridge," which, with its red and yellow busses rolling over it, emerges from a London fog as one gazes at the canvas.
>
> The story goes that about twenty-five years ago Monet, exhausted by his work, determined to take a vacation in some spot where he would not be tempted to put a brush to canvas. He chose London. But when he got there, he found the foggy Thames, with its bridges and its massive Parliament House at Westminster, most seductive in its problems of light and color. So, hastily buying a painter's outfit, he began his studies which resulted in his notable "Thames Series" of pictures. Even soot and fog become beautiful under the hands of a master painter.

So the real beauty of Indiana might emerge from the fog which has clouded the eyes of Elmer Davis if he were to visit the Herron Art Museum under the guidance of Mr. Sherwood or his associate teachers.

Germany Joins the League

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THE event in this year's Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva has been Germany's admission as member.

Somehow the real end of the war seems thus to have come. "Serbia had the first and now has the last word in that war," I thought, as day before yesterday, after the Assembly election, I heard its President, a Serb, declare: "The number of votes has been forty-eight. All states voted 'yes.' I therefore proclaim Germany's admission to the League of Nations by a unanimous vote."

The feeling that this marked the real end of the war was emphasized this morning as, under the flicker of motion-picture flares, the German delegates took their seats in the Salle de la Réformation, and especially the burly figure of the first delegate, Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, mounted the platform, there to acknowledge the welcome given to his country.

DR. STRESEMANN'S massive frame and phlegmatic, downright manner of walking and standing were characteristically Teutonic. But he did not look so much like a butcher as he did at Locarno. With only an occasional tendency to guttural harshness, his voice was, in general, rich, full, and sonorous. It dignified his well-written address in his own language. He read it in the painstaking, patient, rather monotonous German manner, without any pointing of periods by the use of his arms. He did not use these save to mop his bald head, for the hall was hot and close.

On the other hand, Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, following the German, spoke entirely without notes. His appealing and beautiful voice had almost a violoncello tone. Now and then it was accentuated by some shake of the shaggy, leonine head or a more Gallic gesture of arms. The brilliant and timely speech was received with greater spontaneity of enthusiasm than I have ever witnessed at any League gathering, the whole assemblage rising and cheering lustily. Let it remember, then, the Frenchman's warning:

> You can either come in a spirit of friendship and impartiality or you can come regarding the League of Nations as a place in which you are the champions of your country. That is the difference. If you regard yourselves as the champions of your country against any other country, you will raise again the spirit that breeds war, breeds evil, breeds suffering. . . . If you stir up the spirit of . . . national pride, then nations are very often carried away, and they cannot work together as they should in the spirit of peace and of arbitration, which is now accepted by the nations. I know our friends from Germany, and, so long as I am a delegate for France, I can speak for France, and I know that we will resist that temptation, because that is the road which leads to the evil days of the past. It is the road which brings fire and sword and desolation.
>
> Let us, therefore, create a real spirit of collaboration based on friendship and not on war. . . . It is in arbitration and in the acceptance of the reign of law that hope lies for the future and for the peace of the world. . . .
>
> This day will go down to history as one on which something concrete was done for the peace of the world and the peoples of the world.

GERMANY is entering the League to reach thereby two general results, one political, one economic:

(1) To revise the Versailles Treaty of 1919.

(2) To enlarge old and obtain new markets.

Under the first head I heard Dr. Stresemann say:

> In many respects the League of Nations is the heir and executor of

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the treaties of 1919. From them have resulted . . . many divergences between the League and Germany [he was doubtless thinking particularly of the Polish corridor, Danzig, Upper Silesia, and the Saar]. I hope that a discussion of these questions will be rendered easier in the future by our co-operation within the League. Mutual confidence will, from a political point of view, be found to be a greater creative force than any other method. . . . Germany desires to co-operate on the basis of mutual confidence with all nations represented in the League.

What the speaker naturally did not do, however, was specifically to point out a few cherished, definite German political ambitions in joining the League.

For example, Article XIX of the League Covenant provides for the consideration of the revision of treaties found to be inapplicable. Taking advantage of this, the Teutons expect to bring about a lessening of foreign military dominion in Germany through the transfer to the League of the general supervision of German armaments, a supervision held by the Interallied Commission of Control.

She will also continue her propaganda for the security of her eastern territories against hostile (?) oppression, for which read Poland.

She will urge greater self-determination for German minorities outside her borders.

Finally, remembering the recent statement of President Schacht, of the Reichsbank, that "the fight for raw materials now plays the most important part in world politics" and that "Germany's only solution is her acquisition of colonies," she will make the inevitable demand for the recognition of her fitness to act as a Mandatory Power if and when occasion arises.

The political value of all these points is doubled by their commercial value. In the opportunity to develop old (note the approaching conclusion of the Franco-German commercial pact) and to create new markets Germany naturally sees immense possibilities of prestige, even enough indeed to efface the memory of defeat in the war. As Herr Stresemann said, "The restoration of the traditional exchange of goods must be our task."

Yet—and this is vital—as he also said, and said well:

> There is something far transcending all material considerations, and that is the soul of the nations themselves. There is just now a mighty stirring of ideas among the nations of the world. We see some that adhere to the principle of self-contained national unity and who reject international understanding because they do not want to see all that has been developed on the basis of nationality superseded by the more general conception of humanity. Now I hold that no country which belongs to the League of Nations thereby surrenders in any way a national individuality.
>
> . . .
>
> It cannot be the purpose of the divine world order that men should direct their supreme national energies against one another, thus ever thrusting back the general progress of civilization. He will serve humanity best who, firmly rooted in the faith of his own people, develops his moral and intellectual gifts to their highest significance, thus overstepping his own national boundaries and serving the whole of mankind.

Courtesy of the proprietors of "Punch"

Ave Atque Cave

League of Nations: "Delighted to welcome you in our midst, but just one word of advice: Don't rattle your—er—ploughshare too much"

Germany's admission to the League is greeted in Germany as "a diplomatic defeat" by the Nationalists, but by the rest as "the greatest moral success of our foreign policy."

So much on the German side. On that of the League (despite the sore loss of Brazil and Spain, which may, perhaps, prove to be only temporary), no more notable step has yet been taken looking to the ideal of universality, to which the League naturally turns, than is found in the entry of Germany. Indeed, the London "Times" proclaims it "the most important step in the development of the League since its foundation."

What is of equal moment, by this act the Locarno treaties now enter automatically into force and, with them, additional power to make their signatories stay "hitched."

Geneva, September 10, 1926.

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Corn

By Dixon Merritt

JOHN STAYHOME sits, after sundown, in a hickory armchair and looks out across his field of corn.

If his eyes go beyond the picture that he has painted through months of labor, with help of plow and harrow and horse, they rest upon the range of far blue hills —so far and blue that they blend, almost, with the sky when it is clear— that bound his inland basin. They are the frame, never changing, for his picture that changes every day and every hour of every day.

Whatever lies beyond that range of hills John Stayhome's eyes have never seen. For him the cities, with their splendor of lights and laughter, are as the tales men tell—true, no doubt, but strange as those of Marco Polo. The endless reach and roll of oceans do not exist—unless, at dusk or dawn, he sees them shimmer and darken and break in white-topped waves along that cloud-heaped line where sky and far hills meet.

John Stayhome never left the place where he was born. He never even planned to go. No Will o' the Mill is he, but plain man from plain boy grown —ready always for whatever called him, go or stay. He would have gone if chance had chosen him; but it chose, instead, the other seven, and left him behind with the old folks, who in the fullness of time were called, but not of chance. And now men pity John Stayhome—men, that is, who have wandered far and seen much with the fleshly eye —as he looks out at sunset across his field of fruited corn.

Every evening since early spring he has done that, and every sunset has shown him a different picture that his hands have made.

It was on a sunny day of March, the wind roaring among the hilltop trees while the lowlands lay asleep, that he geared Old Lady and Buckskin Boy to the plow and turned a furrow around the field—one narrow shifting ribbon binding the broad acres of timothy sod just shooting "a green gleam through the grayness." Bluebirds had come home to their nesting sites in the fence posts and a few adventurous robins, faring farther north, stopped for a wayside lunch among the fresh-earth fragrances. As Lady and Buck warmed to the collar and the plow sheared deeper into the sod the ribbon broadened until, at last, the field was one wide cloth of velvet sheen, dark brown as mahogany or old walnut, light as amber or hammered brass, according as the sunlight fell into the folds of the land.

After a May day of warmth and rain, the cloth began to be streaked with green and John Stayhome, from his armchair at twilight, could see the stripes run clear three ways to the farther fences—lengthwise, breadthwise, crosswise. Now was the time of the artist's ceaseless labor for art's sake; for gain's sake, too. Every artist sells his sweat. John and Lady and Buck wet their feet in the dew of the dawn and washed the midday dust from them again in the dew of the dusk, cultivating, over, and back, and over again, seeing only a little of the pictures they made as they made them. They were too close and worked too hard upon them. Only John Stayhome, after sundown, saw.

Silent pictures—but now, at last, they began to speak to the artist as he worked. The lush young stalks were waist high, dark green as the trough between waves at sea, and as the team pushed through the arched blades the young corn spoke its thanks, its hopes, its promises of the fall and of barns filled full at frost. The season of damp days and hot nights had come, and the corn was visibly taller each morning than it had been the night before.

And now, toward the end of an afternoon at the last cultivation, the corn-field broke into song. The day had been hot, steaming, motionless but for the shimmer of the heat waves. Slowly, a little breeze came down the hollows of the hills and spread out over the fields, too slight to make a stir among the leaves of the trees or even to fan the face of the laboring artist, but it stirred the corn-field into melody—not loud at all, but very soft and very sweet, a song of secrets sung in whispers for no ears but those of the man who labored there. Perhaps no man has really heard it save those who work with the corn from seed ear to seed ear again; perhaps of those who have heard not many have given it conscious heed; but men bred to the fields long for the song of the corn as David did for the well of his youth.

Summer was at high tide, and John Stayhome's picture required no more painting with plow points. He went to his other canvases, leaving it to grow new pictures every day. It flowered—double-flowered, indeed, in a glory that belongs to corn alone. Silk and tassel—mid-stalk, a wealth of maiden's hair, flaxen, golden, auburn, the color that the grains will be; and away at the top, waving free, the feathery plumes. From his hickory chair John Stayhome looked out upon a flower garden acres broad and breathed its fragrance from afar. Seek the fragrance of the corn flowers, and you shall not find it. They are scentless flowers upon close approach, but they give, in their season, their fragrance to the countryside, all-pervasive, free to all. With its song the corn rewards alone the man who made it; with its fragrance it blesses all whose homes are round about, even those who pass along the highway with no understanding of what delights them.

And now the ears are full and dry. The blades are turning yellow. John Stayhome, as the twilight deepens, rises from his chair, feels along the sill under the eaves of the porch, takes down a knife, runs his thumb along the edge. One more picture he must paint upon the changing canvas.

To-morrow what was a brown-velvet cloth all striped with green, and then a singing sea of green young stalks, and then a great grown garden of flowers and fragrance will begin to be a tented field. John Stayhome's knife will whack and the tepees of the corn will rise, first along the rows nearest the house, then farther and farther, clear to the boundary fence. Yellow-green at first in the daylight and black in the light of the moon, they will change as the season cools and frost creeps down from the north until they will be brown in the sunlight and gleaming white in the moonlight. And then, one twilight, as

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John Stayhome sits in his hickory chair, pulling his coat closer, the wind will die down at dusk and the western sky be apple green and all the trees stand straight and still. And John Stayhome, turning to the welcome warmth of indoors, will think better of it, go to the barn and scoop an extra measure of oats for Lady and Buck.

At sunup the tents of the corn will be all white with frost; moist when the sun has thawed them, and pliant for hauling. Forth to the field, home to the barn, forth again to the field, all day long, that day and other days, John and Lady and Buck will cluck their old wagon. And John Stayhome, one twilight, will look again upon a clear green canvas—a field young and fresh with rye for winter cover.

Men pity John Stayhome—men, that is, who have wandered much and seen strange things with greedy eyes. But of all those who have gone away few have seen such pictures as he has painted, and none has painted such pictures as he has seen.

The German Giant

By Edwin W. Hullinger

GERMANY is a giant bound with a considerable amount of rope, it is true, but a giant all the same, and a giant whose ropes every one realizes will some day loosen. When that day comes, what will happen? one asks. What is the present state of mind of this colossus? Has Germany experienced any marked change of heart since 1918? Has there been a softening of the old martial spirit? What do the people, as distinct from the Government (whose expressions are consistently opportunistic, fashioned to fit the exigencies of the moment), think about the future and about their neighbors?

THE feature that first strikes an American upon arriving in Germany to-day is the profound revolution that has taken place since the Armistice in popular attitude toward the United States.

At a moment when the United States and things American are probably at a lower ebb of approval throughout Europe than they have been at any time since President Wilson returned from Versailles, the United States to-day leads all foreign nations of the world in general popularity in Germany. In the country, in other words, that owes its defeat and present humiliation so largely to the activities of the United States eight years ago, America is now more beloved than in the countries she helped to victory!

From Hamburg and Hanover, from Berlin to Frankfort-on-the-Main, as I traveled through Germany recently, I found the utmost good will toward America. All traces of the war feeling had gone. And I talked with members of all classes: merchants in their shops, cab-drivers, professional people, officials, laborers, chance acquaintances on the streets, fellow-diners in cafés and beer halls. Eyes lit up with genuine pleasure when I announced the country of my origin. Smiles clearly innocent of design welcomed mention of the word America. People went out of their way to show me courtesy because I was an American. One would have thought there had never been a war.

West of the Rhine, America lies under a cloud to-day. The British Foreign Office is vigorously pro-American, and the British nation is actively assimilating many American ideas and methods. But throughout the Kingdom there is a wave of anti-Americanism that no measure of diplomatic camouflage can conceal. Newspaper editors in London told me it was one of the realities of public sentiment at the moment against which they were powerless. Throughout England America has the reputation of an "international Shylock." France is openly and frankly peevish. Italy is relatively friendly—we have given her liberal terms in the debt settlement—but Italy is also temperamentally fickle. Not long ago Americans were scarcely more popular than Germans south of the Piave.

Such is the irony of the times; our recent enemy is to-day our most fervent admirer!

This paradox was due, I found, to several outstanding causes. First of all came America's relief program in Central Europe immediately after the war. When the history of American foreign policy during the first decade of peace is written, it will be interesting to see what place is given to the activities of the American Quakers. Certain it is that in central and eastern Europe this small band of Friends played an extremely important part in influencing public opinion and in forming popular attitude towards the United States. It is significant that it was nearly always the first factor that was cited to me when I asked for causes of the feeling for the United States.

To many Germans America's charitable efforts appeared as nothing short of epochal, marking a new era in international dealings. The spectacle of an enemy nation promptly brushing aside the heat of war passion in the interests of humanitarianism struck them as something as unheard of as it was heroic. It took the stolid Teutons off their feet. And it was an act sufficiently concrete, of course, for all minds to grasp and act upon.

The second factor was what appeared to the Germans as a very surprising spirit of objectivity motivating the political actions of the United States in Europe, a circumstance which, I found, had won for our Government the trust and confidence of the entire German nation.

In the words of the editor of a prominent Hanoverian newspaper, "Germany became convinced that America was not trying to take unfair advantage. We have come to feel that whatever America may think of us—and we who have followed events have no illusions about popular sentiment toward Germany in America—we can trust the United States Government to act in a way it thinks is just, irrespective of friend or foe. We think America has made mistakes. We still have difficulty forgetting President Wilson. But we feel that, whatever she may do, America will do what she thinks is right. She will not take unfair advantage.

"The United States is the only great world Power," he continued, "that has lived up to the standards of ethics expected of an individual during the interval since the Armistice. The United States is the only world Power that seems capable to-day of political objectivity."

This "remarkable objectivity" of the United States was cited to me by thinking Germans in all parts of the country

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that I visited. Although more abstract than the first factor, it is a circumstance that has made a lasting impression on all classes. Even workmen repeated it, in the simple words, "We think we can trust America. She isn't trying to trip us up."

THE second human factor that impresses itself upon the visitor in Germany to-day—one that does not augur so well for the future of Europe—is the overwhelming, stubborn hatred for France.

This hatred has been the most unchangeable feature of post-war Germany as I have observed it during my four visits since the Armistice (in 1919, 1921, 1922, and finally 1926). It has survived all varying shifts of fortune and all internal political upheavals. The feeling toward England is still present to an extent, but it has begun to go. Italy comes in for an occasional outburst from Wilhelmstrasse, but the people as a whole are not greatly moved. But the yearning for revenge upon France burns on in the hearts of the people, irrespective of any effort from the Government, and seemingly heedless of the recent change in France's policy toward Germany. The only international parallel of recent years is the similar phenomenon in France following the Franco-Prussian War.

A mild German school-teacher who happened to share my room with me in Oberammergau during the crowded summer of 1922 gave me my first insight into the depth and intensity of this feeling in the hearts of the people. He was a typical *Gymnasium Lehrer*—gold-rimmed glasses, an expression of kindly studiousness on his face, gentle, rather tired eyes. He came from Dresden, one of Germany's intellectual centers. We were talking of peace and war.

"We Germans are tired of war. We are sick at heart. We would never go to another." He paused, as if he had stopped short of saying all.

"Will there be a war with France?" I ventured.

"France, *ach!* That is another thing. If there were a war with France, every mother's son would flock to the colors to-morrow. No call to arms would be necessary. I myself would go, who know and abhor war. My sons would go. The day will come some time, and how glad we shall be! It will not be a day for glory, as we thought of 'the day' in the old times, but of revenge. France cannot escape!"

His eyes glowed. He was a transformed man. He had seen red. And then he went on to repeat the record of what he termed French "iniquities" since the war—the black troops on the Rhine, the occupation of the Ruhr, France's attempt to pull Germany's teeth while she was down, etc. (Every German has them by heart, I learned.) As I traveled through Germany that summer I found he had voiced the sentiments of the nation. On almost all other subjects there was a variety of opinions. Regarding France, Germany was as one man.

Battles
Strange Names
Unfamiliar Problems

That is all that most of us can make out of the news from China.

Carrington Goodrich has seized upon the chief events of modern Chinese history and presented them in clear and intelligible form. Those who read his article in next week's issue of The Outlook will gain a comprehensive understanding of the cable news from the Orient.

It was something of a shock to find four years later that time had brought no change. The name of France causes Germans to see red to-day, as it did in 1919, or 1921, or 1922. Whatever the German Foreign Office may occasionally say about European reconciliation, the German people are yearning for revenge—not on England, nor even on Italy—upon France alone. Underneath the surface, in North Germany, Prussia, and South Germany, the spirit of revenge burns to-day, I found, as fiercely, if not more fiercely, than ever. It constitutes a great human force that must be taken very seriously into account in any calculation of the future.

In certain uninfluential circles there are, it is true, some signs of a slight softening. Communists and some of the Socialists speak a little more openly than they did about "reconciliation" with France, although "French proletariat" is the usual phrase. Once in a while you meet a German liberal who will admit that the interests of the world at large would be served by an understanding. But these groups do not, as yet, represent any noteworthy body of public opinion.

A network of patriotic societies which reaches over the entire nation is studiously preserving the nation's human military effectiveness. Four of these societies are organized on a national scale. These organizations take care to avoid trespassing on the precincts of the Versailles Treaty. Physically, they are not "militaristic." Their members do not carry rifles when they parade. But their total effect on the nation is much the same as that of a standing army of conscription.

Space exists for only two typical personal incidents.

In the largest café in Hanover I took advantage of the lull in the music to quizz my waiter. His face brightened, his eyes flashed, when I asked if he thought Germany would strike back at France.

"Of course! I and all my friends are only waiting for the day. You will see it come, too." He leaned over, confidentially. "We are drilling, and drilling others. You see those two young men at that table—in the green uniforms? They are our officers. We have the largest drilling club in Hanover. There are clubs like ours throughout Germany. I have worked in all the large cities, and it is always the same. We will make France wince some day!"

In my compartment on the Berlin train my traveling mate, a traveling salesman, looked gravely through his thick glasses, nodded, and said:

"Yes, Germany is holding her own. She is not forgetting her skill in the art of war. Clubs throughout the country are seeing to it that the youth are almost as well tutored as they used to be in the old days. I myself belong to one. Nearly every one does. The Allies will not allow us to have an army." He smiled. "But they cannot prevent us from having lodges. You have lodges in America, do you not? Well, our lodges are of a very practical sort. When the day comes, you will see that the German nation knows quite as well how to wage war as it did in 1914."

Will this spirit of revenge again set Europe on fire? Or will it yield to the spirit of Locarno? A good deal depends upon how soon matters come to a head. In that sense, it is a race. The outcome will tell the story of peace or war.

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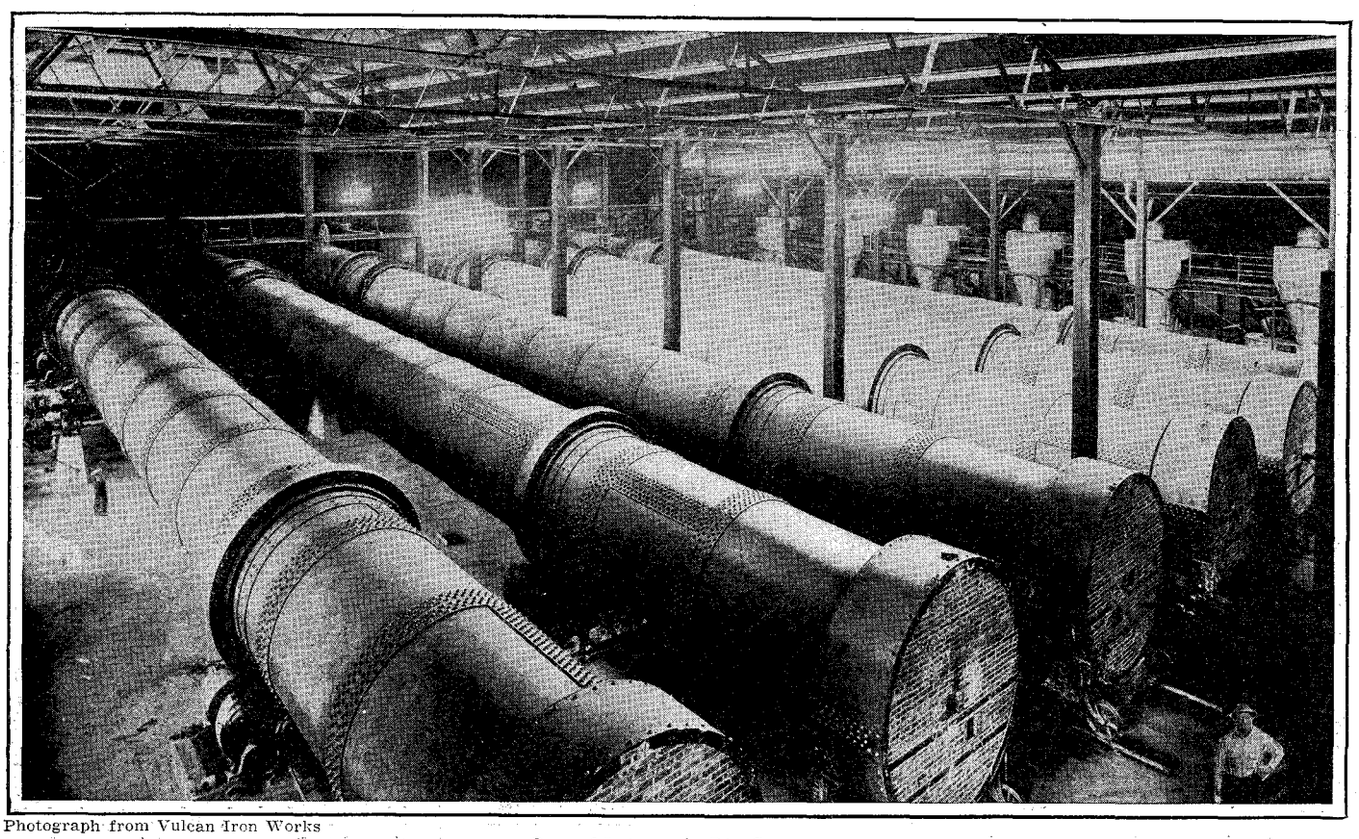


Photograph from Vulcan Iron Works

One of Industry's Big Scenes

A battery of rotary kilns in a Portland cement plant. In the foreground are the "hoods" of fire-brick, closing the lower ends of the slightly inclined revolving cylinders. Each hood has a little window, through which can be viewed the roaring tornado of flame inside the kiln. The kilns shown in this picture, which are 8 feet in diameter and 125 feet long, are of quite modest size compared with the largest used in the industry

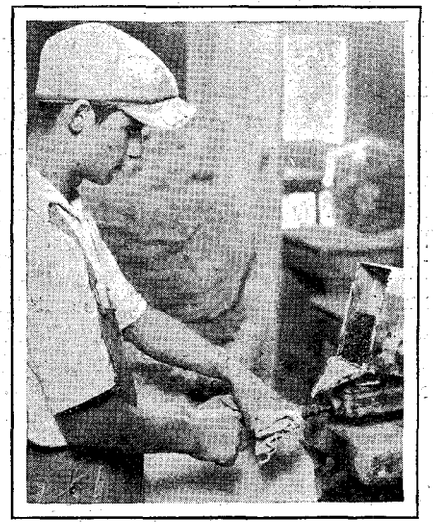
In the Home of the Mighty Kilns

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

SOME time before you arrive at the Portland cement factory you perceive the reason why, on entering its doors for a tour of inspection, you will be invited to don a linen duster. The country for a mile around looks as if a volcano had recently erupted in the neighborhood. The gray deposit on roofs and foliage is the part of the plant's output that will not be included in the next annual statistics of production. Since, however, more than a million barrels will be duly accounted for—if the plant is one of average capacity—Æolus need not be begrudged his modest toll.

The impalpable powder that the breezes thus spread over the landscape is the result of titanic operations. No other industry goes about its business in quite so strenuous a style as cement-making. In the common "dry" process of manufacture (which we are here describing) the work begins at a quarry—often next door to the factory—where it is an ordinary procedure to set off five tons of dynamite and bring down 50,000 tons of rock. The mountain-moving feat proverbially ascribed to faith has, on occasions, been performed at these quarries by exploding forty tons of dynamite at one blast. The holes for the great charges of explosives are made with the kind of drills used for sinking artesian wells and are frequently more than 150 feet deep.

The recipe for Portland cement is quite simple, though a staff of laboratory experts is required at every plant to make sure that it is strictly adhered to. The ingredients are not always the same, but they must contain definite proportions of lime, silica, and alumina. They are dried, ground to extreme fineness, heated almost to the melting-point (to bring about important chemical changes), cooled, and ground again. A little gypsum is added at the last grinding. This substance prevents a too rapid "setting" or hardening of the cement when the latter is used in making concrete.



Tying a cloth cement sack with a piece of wire before the sack is filled

Within the factory walls enough power is harnessed to the machinery to supply all the electrical needs of a city of a hundred thousand people. The electrical energy that goes to the making of a bag of cement would cost, at household rates, more than the average price of the cement at the mill. Prodigal of power, the industry is no less prodigal of its machines. So rapid is the wear upon them that a million-dollar cement plant will keep from $75,000 to $100,000 worth of repair parts constantly on hand, and it is reckoned that every bag of cement represents the consumption of from a pound to a pound and a half of steel. One-fifth of the plant's employees are always engaged in repair work.

Men not yet old can remember when all the grinding operations of the cement plant were performed with crude millstones. To-day's giant industry demands

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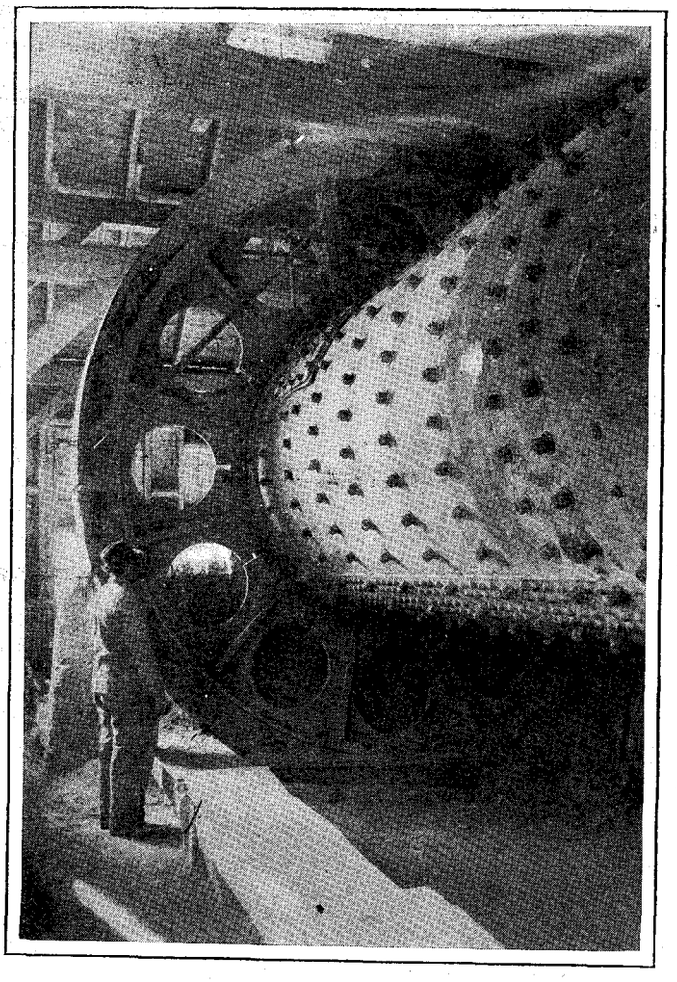
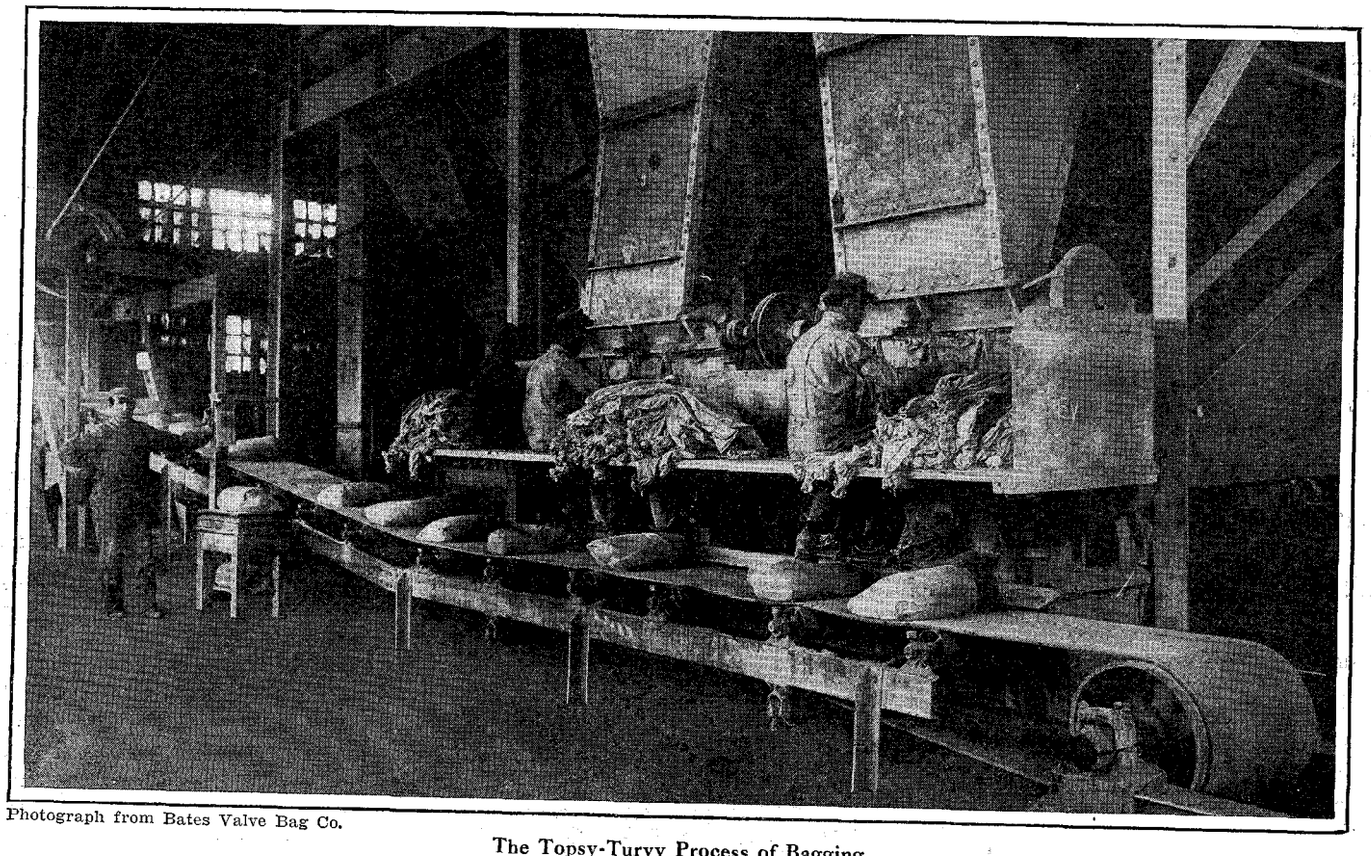
a remarkable array of powerful machines for crushing rocks of boulder dimensions, grinding them to powder, pulverizing coal for the kilns, and finally grinding and regrinding the glass-hard lumps of "clinker"—the product of the kilns which, at its last grinding, becomes the finished Portland cement. Part of the testing outfit of a cement plant is a sieve that has 200 hair-like wires to the linear inch; which means 40,000 tiny holes to the square inch. It is so closely woven that it will hold water, but at least seventy-eight per cent of the finished cement particles must sift through it to conform to the standard specifications established by the United States Government and the American Society for Testing Materials. In a cubic inch of Portland cement there are approximately 14,000,000,000 particles. Even finer grinding is required in the preparation of the raw materials for the kilns. From eighty to eighty-five per cent of the pulverized rock must sift through the 200-mesh screen.

The rotary kilns are the mighty monarchs of the factory, to whom crushers and grinders, driers, coolers, and conveyors, bagging machinery, and men are mere *entourage,* while the huge power plant is prime minister—the power behind the throne. In their lolling atti-

A Mill that "Grinds Exceeding Small"

The major part of the equipment of a cement mill consists of powerful crushing and grinding machinery for reducing to fine powder the rocky raw materials of cement, the glass-hard "clinker" that comes from the kilns, and the coal with which (at most plants) the kilns are fired. Rocks as big as pianos can be fed into the huge crushers with which the process begins. The mill here shown, used for the final grinding, has a compartment containing large steel balls and another small steel slugs. As the cylinder revolves the material is ground between these rolling pebbles of steel until it is much finer than flour





Photograph from Bates Valve Bag Co.

The Topsy-Turvy Process of Bagging

Filling bags after they are tied is a paradox that interests every visitor to a cement factory. The cotton cement sack has a so-called "valve" in the bottom, consisting of a hole and a flap made by turning over a corner of the cloth before it is sewed. The empty sack is tied with steel wire by means of a small hand-operated device and is then attached upside down under the hopper of the filling machine. The cement flows through the hole in the bottom until the sack has been filled to the weight of exactly 94 pounds, when the flow is automatically cut off and the sack drops to a belt conveyor, by which it is carried to the shipping platform. The valve is tightly closed by the pressure of the cement in the sack

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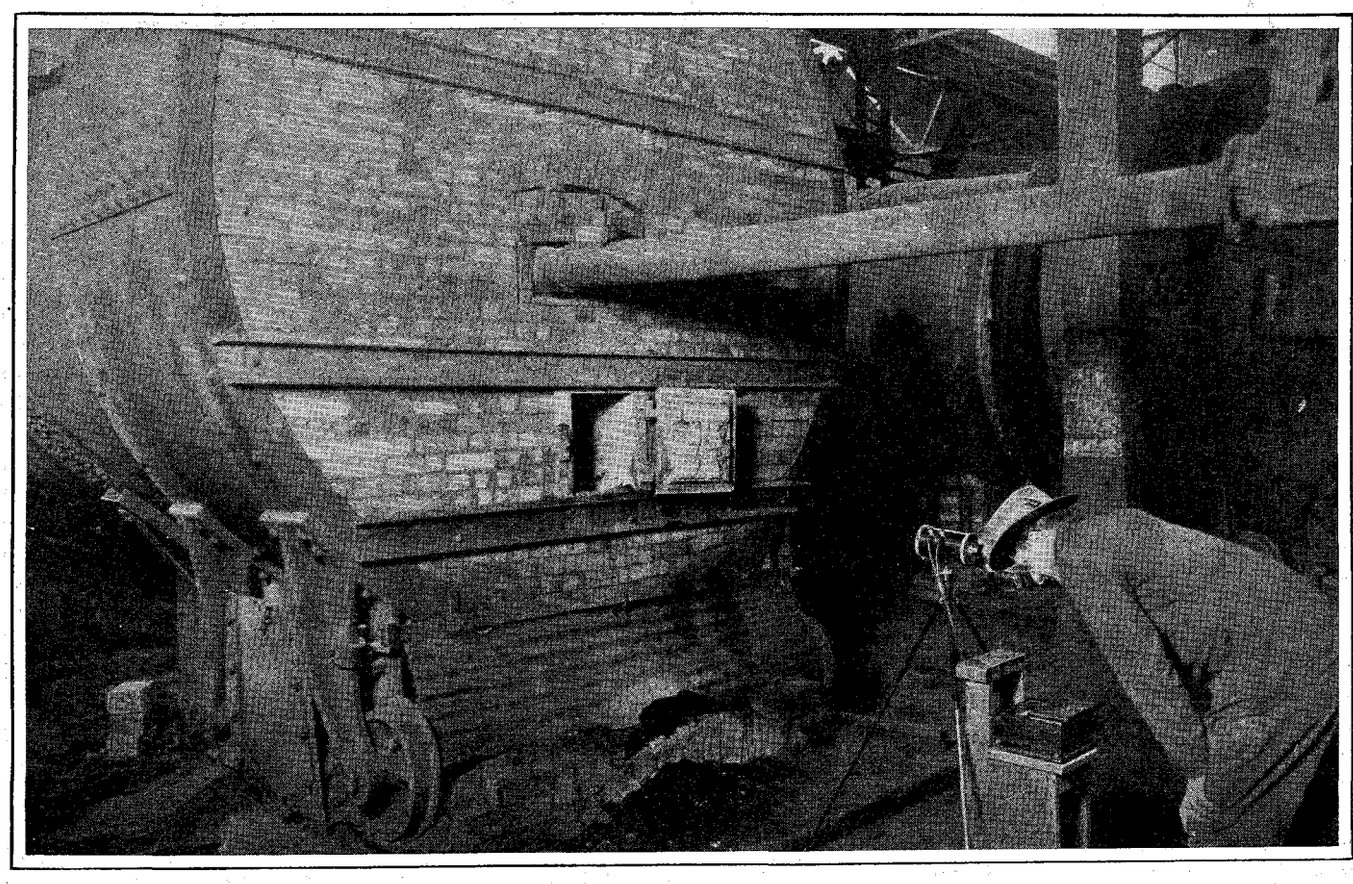
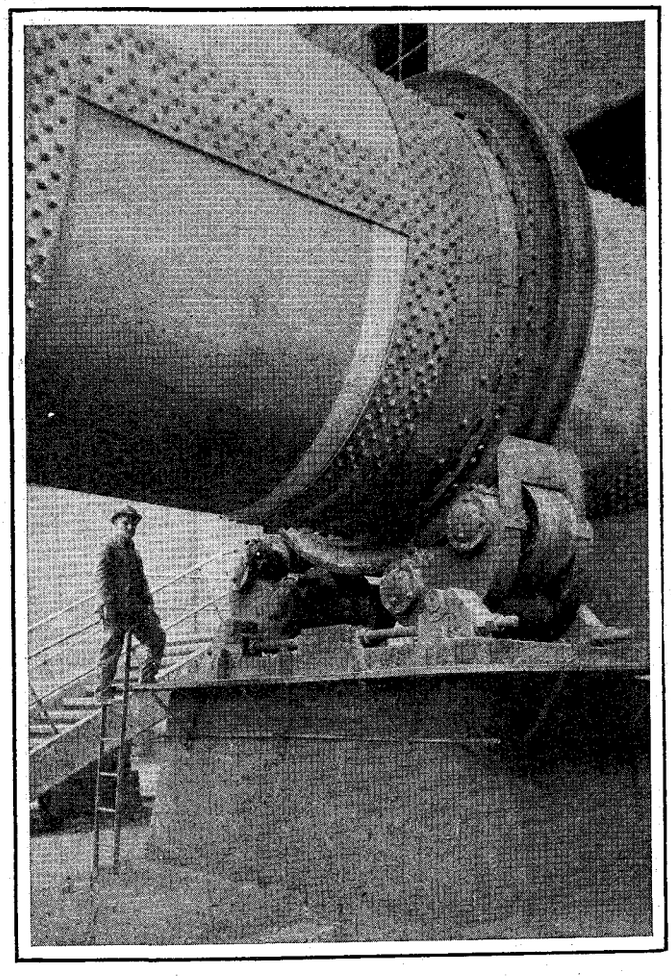


Taking the Temperature

The temperature inside a cement kiln is one of the highest used in any industry, ranging from 2,700° to 3,000° Fahrenheit. It would melt the steel shell but for the fire-brick lining. Many kiln operators have been trained by years of experience to recognize the proper temperature by the color and appearance of the burning materials, but it is often considered desirable to take the temperature instrumentally. This can be done at a comfortable distance from the glowing inferno by sighting with a radiation pyrometer through the little window in the hood



A Colossal Kiln at Close Range

Probably no other piece of moving machinery used in industry equals in size the largest rotary kilns of a cement plant. One of them is big enough to let a touring car run through it, and, set on end, would be as tall as a 20-story building. The kiln rests at a slight angle from the horizontal on heavy rollers and is turned by an electric motor at a speed of about half a revolution a minute. A medium-sized kiln, with its fire-brick lining, weighs 600,000 pounds and has foundations as heavy as for a ten-story building. In a big plant there will be a dozen or more of these monsters, roaring and revolving side by side in one great room

tudes, as they turn sluggishly on their massive piers, they remind you of King Log of the fable. You would never suspect, to look at them, that these simple cylinders of steel and a few hundred more like them at other plants are refashioning the world in which you live.

You may, if you like, put on a pair of dark spectacles and peer through a little window into the very heart of a kiln. You will see an inferno of flame and the tumbling pebbles of white-hot cement-in-the-making traveling down the slope of the revolving cylinder. With the aid of imagination you may behold more. It is easy to weave prophetic visions in the fire of the cement kiln: vistas of buildings that will one day rise about you, roads you will journey over, dams and quays and bridges of to-morrow.

The most impressive fact about the giant kilns of the cement industry is, not that they are the largest pieces of moving machinery on earth, but that they are contributing a greater sum total of *lasting* material to civilization than all other mechanical contrivances combined. Food and fuel are quickly consumed; woven fabrics wear out; steel falls a prey to rust and timber to fire and decay; but concrete, whose ingredients owe their indissoluble union to cement, is more durable than the hills from which it came.

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The Millionaire Art of Self-Defense

Some Reflections Concerning Plutocracy in the Prize Ring

By DON C. SEITZ

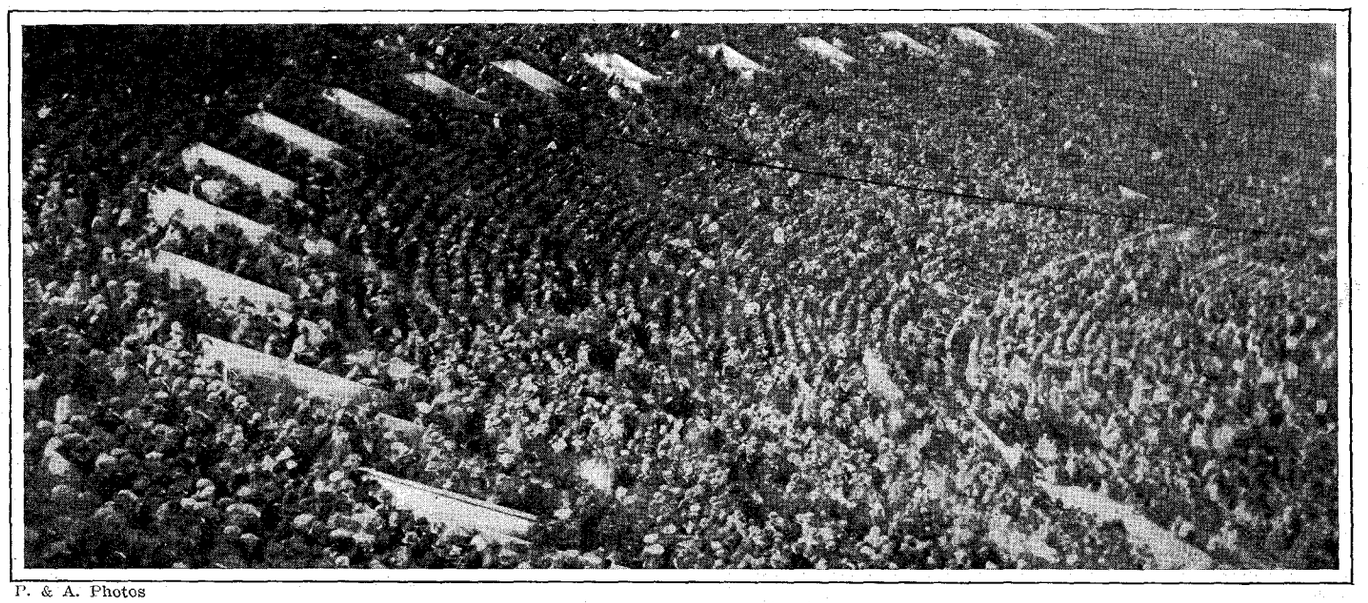
THE rupturing of the peaceful atmosphere of the Quaker City by the howls of prize-fight fans who assembled to observe the contest between Messrs. Jack Dempsey and 'Gene Tunney has been said to mark an epoch in what was once called the "manly art of self-defense." It is, instead, a mere throwback to the Roman Coliseum, where the populace gathered to slake their thirst for gore. The cries from the usual ringside as repeated over the radio are fit to chill the blood. There is something thrilling in the roar of lions; even the long note of the wolf and the barking of the hyena are not so bad. But this concentration of human voices, expressing as it does the lowest and most brutal of human emotions, an exultant echo of primal ferocity and an utter lack of mercy, will long ring in the ears of those who have listened in. Probably those who join in the savage chorus are unconscious of the horrifying sounds produced in their ecstasy. That there was at Philadelphia a smaller manifestation of this sort than common was probably because the rain chilled the vocalism.

In the noble process of raising the standards of American immorality no uplift has been greater than that of the prize ring. Four Governors, Cabinet officers, public functionaries of all degrees of eminence, and not a few clergymen were among those present. Millionaires were there in vast plenty, in just admiration of one of their class, Mr. Dempsey's modest earnings having long passed the million mark, which represents a little less than half of the gate receipts. All this was different from the days of Tom Cribb and like celebrities who lived in Britain in the long ago. Prize-fighting is a British sport. We inherit it from our main stock. Latins have no use for fists; the Dutch and Germans are too lymphatic. It is an English trait to take "punishment" with pleasure.

My own first memory of prize-fighting rests upon a picture in "Harper's Weekly," drawn by Thomas Nast before I was born, depicting a meeting in England between John C. Heenan, of America, known as "the Benicia Boy," as he hailed from that suburb of San Francisco, and one Tom Sayers. Thomas Nast was sent to England to make the picture by John, James, and Wesley Harper, the worthy Methodist owners of the paper. When it came to hand with the story of the affair, they were a bit staggered, but salvaged both with a headline reading "Brutal and Disgusting Prize Fight." It was all of that. Fighting with bare fists, Heenan was winning when the mob broke through the ring and assailed him. He had a narrow escape and was roughly handled. The "British spirit of fair play" was not very prominent. In my early career as a reporter I came in touch with a number of "heroes" whose names still adorn the panels of fame. I recall seeing together Charles Mitchell, "Jem" Mace, and Herbert Slade, "the Maori," as he was called from being a half-caste New Zealander. Mace was then a veteran (1883); Slade and Mitchell were in their prime. Both were to go down before the peerless John L. Sullivan, of Boston, pugilist and philosopher. Sullivan was a fast friend of Arthur Brisbane's, and when Brisbane was the New York "Sun's" correspondent in London once refused to box in private before the Prince of Wales unless his friend, "the grandest young American journalist," could be included in the party. The master of ceremonies was aghast, but Sullivan was obdurate and etiquette had to yield to his insistence.

Sullivan was unique. His profits probably passed the million mark, but vanished in champagne. I recall hiring him to "report" the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight at Denver, whither he went under escort of the "World's" sporting editor, Joseph J. Eakins, and William O. Inglis, our best sporting writer. His journey West in a private car was one of triumphal progress. Whenever stops were made, whether by day or night, great crowds gathered at the depots and would not permit the train to depart until he appeared on the platform and made a little speech, always ending with "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan."

I asked Eakins how J. L. S. stood it. "He bore it all in the manner of a Roman emperor, wearied with adulation but willing to endure it at the public



P. & A. Photos

The spectators at the Dempsey-Tunney fight outnumbered the vast throngs that gather to watch Harvard and Yale play football. Here's a cross-section of the crowd

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demand," was his reply. Inglis sat beside Sullivan during the fight and jotted down his observations in shorthand. These came over the wire to the "World" office, where Brisbane transformed them into connected form in choice Sullivanese. Fitzsimmon's wife, who was Rose Julian, an Australian gymnast of much pulchritude, sat near by, shrilly calling on "Bob" to kill "Pompadour Jim." Sullivan eyed her mournfully. "That's the influence of women," he observed when Corbett went down for the last time. "I remember when I was fighting Charley Mitchell in a tent over in France, some fellow stuck his head through the flap and called out, 'Remember your wife and five poor children,' which was a lie, for his father-in-law, 'Pony' Moore, was worth half a million dollars. But what happened? Inside of two minutes he had 'spiked' me through my left foot." The Mitchell fight, as a result, became a draw.

Of the men who went down, one after the other, before the mighty John L., I recall Dominick McCaffrey, a bright and most agreeable young chap. He was a babe in the hands of the big fellow. Fitzsimmons, who crushed Corbett, was a strange, snake-like figure, who kept himself out of harm's way with deft foot-work. He was fearfully freckled. He made his initial repute in demolishing the first Jack Dempsey, who came from Brooklyn and was a nice fellow. Just before the fight Dempsey called at the Brooklyn "Eagle" office. I was the city editor, and talked with him about his plans. Was he going to live East or West? That, he said, would be determined "after this affair with Fitzsimmons." "Ah," I said, "a delicate and difficult affair." "Delicate," he replied, "perhaps, but not difficult." It proved quite otherwise. Fitzsimmons slaughtered him. The fine young fellow went into a decline and soon died. Another office caller was "Jack" McAuliffe, an eminent light-weight, who still survives. He had some grievance. I did not recognize him, and dealt rather curtly with his complaint. When he turned away, the reporters flocked about him. Abe Yager, the office boy, now sporting editor of the paper, pulled his head over the rail surrounding the city desk and queried, "Would you have dast to have talked to him the way you did if you'd known who he was?" I confess I could not answer satisfactorily.

What is there in human psychology that rejoices in seeing two men pummel each other until their faces drip with blood and one or the other fails to come to the scratch? I did not know. Fighting is a primary human instinct. Lives there a boy who has escaped a conflict? I doubt it if he has reached the sage age of ten. British school stories teem with tales of fistic encounters, and even Thomas Bailey Aldrich's moral bad boy gives a chapter, "I Fight Conway," during which process he acquires a black eye.

Is the practice manly? I doubt it. There can be no manliness in brutality, yet those of English blood preferred it to the crossing of blades, a Latin amusement, more refined, but much more deadly. So we shall probably keep on building bigger stadiums and charging higher admission to bigger crowds, despite the prayers of churches and the reprehensions of the good.

Tom Brown's Old School

The Third Article on the Schools of England by an American Educator[1]

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

IN the English-speaking world—which, if you please, represents no small array of nations, provinces, and proud dependencies—among many ancient and revered seats of learning there is but one that holds claim to a general affection. We have worthy schools in America, some of which, like Groton, for instance, are notable for their achievement. Now it is quite conceivable that there are many educated Americans who have never heard of Groton; but every really educated American has not only heard of Rugby, but, in some small way at least, has also felt a little affection for this fine old English school—few though there be of us who have ever seen it!

How marvelous a faculty it is that enables a few gifted mortals, with a deft touch—with a direct and honest appeal to our minds or our hearts, or to both—so to mark out some habitation, some bit of landscape, or some small community, that it becomes set apart, a very mecca for pilgrims! And such a place is Rugby—almost, if not quite, alone among schools in this respect. Little did Thomas Hughes realize when he wrote "Tom Brown" that, not only would he give his beloved Rugby a warm place in the affections of the world, but that he would give to Rugby itself an ideal and an ambition that in no small way have tended to keep Rugby what it is—a great and noble school, at once holding fast to fine tradition and reaching forth with open mind for the best aid that modern times can give towards the training and developing of Young England.

And because Rugby is wise, an understanding Head Master greets us at the door when we make our pilgrimage—men from the ends of the earth and of various races. And the two young Americans who went there with me fondly imagined they were the very first to think of bringing with them copies of "Tom Brown" for the "Head" to write his name in; and they learned that only a day or two before an American physician, with but a few hours to spend in England, managed to get to Rugby, enjoy an uproarious meal with the boys, and go rushing on his errand, with a similarly autographed "Tom Brown" fitting snugly in his pocket!

It is highly essential that you should understand this side of Rugby, for the universal interest and affection have played no small part in developing the fine spirit of the school, strengthening the boys themselves to maintain a standard of character and purpose that is as admirable as it is rare. You must understand all this to understand Rugby.

Enormously desirable as it is, we cannot produce a Thomas Hughes for each one of our schools. We cannot hope to gain for any of our institutions, to order, such a stimulus and support. Nevertheless there may be something of proved value, obvious at Rugby, which may well be worth our while to examine into.

Classroom method, of which I had opportunity to learn but a little, did not seem markedly different from that of Cheltenham, described in a previous article. What I did learn simply confirmed my opinion—that we in the United States give far too much time to "recitations" prepared out of class, and far too little time to learning how to study, how to use one's information intelligently, and how to gain a proper attitude toward one's work. Let us, however, look a little into the "prefect" system, and see if there is not something here that we might use to advantage.

[1] Winchester was discussed in The Outlook for September 8; Cheltenham, in the issue of September 15.

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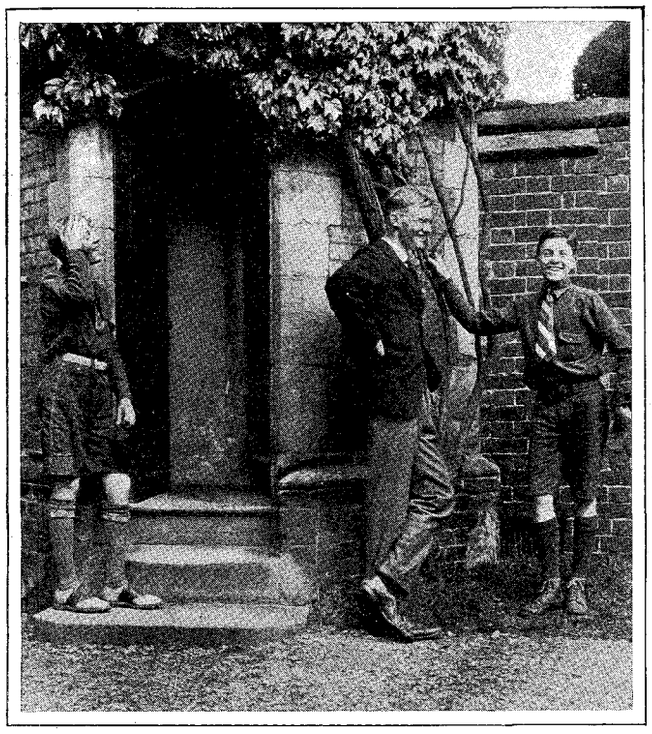


The turret door of "the Doctor's" study, which all readers of "Tom Brown" will remember. It looks as though the two young Americans who traveled with Mr. Taylor had a due appreciation of the humor of their English guide

In each of the half-dozen English schools we visited much responsibility for the behavior and welfare of the younger boys is placed in the hands of chosen seniors—"sixth-formers"—who in general have no little authority and are supposed to punish energetically, and reasonably, for minor infractions coming under their rather close notice. Some of our schools are endeavoring to develop this kind of senior responsibility; but we are rather too apt to mix in sentimentalistic theories and procedures and bring much of the plan to naught. At Rugby and in other English schools I was able to talk with the younger boys about it. The Head Master of Rugby presented some illuminating opinions, and his head prefect, the "head of the school," presented the matter from his angle—that of an exceedingly able and responsible young man of eighteen or nineteen.

At Rugby the system works well. The authority of the prefects is complete, and not abused. They seem to use to the full, and with effect, the influence both of precept and example.

"We accomplish most, of course, by example," said the head prefect. "What we sixth-formers do the younger lads are most likely to imitate. We make it 'good form' to be decent in language and habit, for instance. We have very little real trouble. We can use force, if necessary, in punishing a boy for persistent offenses. Anything really serious we take to the Head." And these prefects, take note, have under their eyes almost the whole life of the younger boys outside of their classrooms.

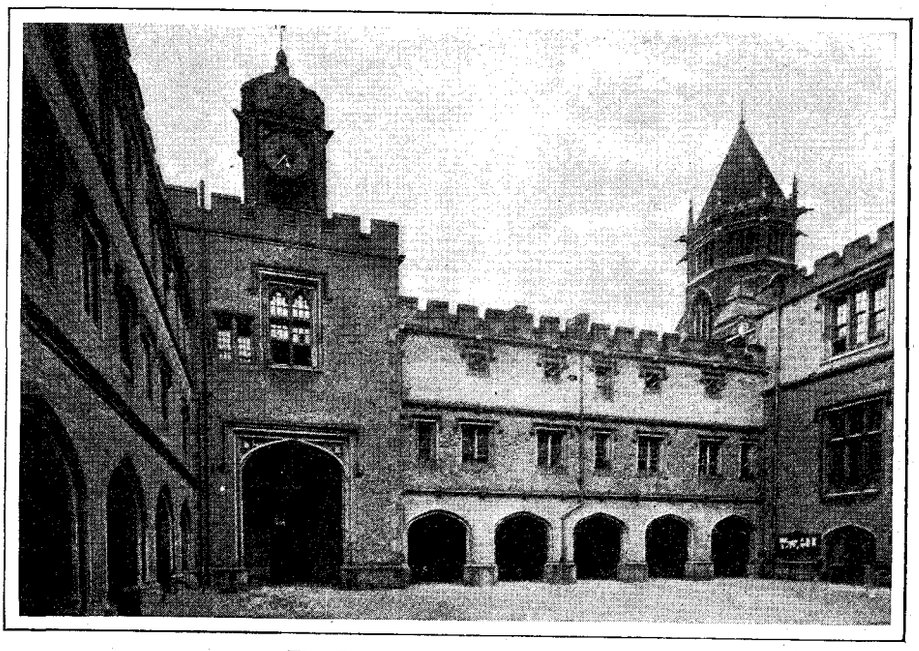
Perhaps you are thinking that such a system might be all very well for the younger boy provided the prefects themselves are young men of high character and purpose, but that there would most certainly be abuses should they be of inadequate caliber.

"First of all," explained the Head, "no boy may enter the sixth form who does not possess the qualities making for the leadership and character necessary for a prefect. We are rigid in this requirement. All of our sixth-formers are prefects, and responsible for the general behavior of the school, as well as for the behavior of the individual younger boy. And we trust our prefects completely. I never have the slightest hesitation in leaving my house, with its boys, in charge of my prefects should I desire to be elsewhere in the evening. But should a prefect—a sixth-former—betray his trust, I do not explain to him how he has done something wrong; he knew all that in the beginning. I simply tell him that he can no longer remain in the sixth form."

And that erring prefect finds himself either in the fifth form again or out of the school. And, after all, this seems to be a very proper procedure. The world is not gentle with those who evade their responsibilities, and Rugby's great aim is, not to educate a boy merely by stuffing his head with "facts," but to use the whole process of education, including athletics, for the development of high character, leadership, and purpose. And the system works, not only at Rugby, but under similar conditions in the other schools I saw. Boys who are worth anything at all react well to responsibility. Our boys have far too little of it, either in the school or on the athletic field.

The fine tradition of Rugby must help amazingly in the maintaining of the high standards so obvious there. But there are other things besides traditions. Head Master Vaughn, for instance, is not only cognizant of what modern educators are doing along various lines, but is himself thoroughly acquainted with all that has been done in the development of intelligence tests and tests for special capacity.

One might describe the traditional small study where each boy has his own little castle. I saw "Tom Brown's" and peeped into many others. Or one might enlarge upon the great attention Rugby gives to the teaching of music, for instance. But, next to the pleasant memories of the charming hospitality of that fine old school to the visiting American with his American schoolboy companions, there stands out the impression made by the prefect system, so great a factor in the lives of English schoolboys and so excellently carried on at Rugby.



The Quadrangle of Rugby School

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Heap Big Chiefs

THE autumn camp-fires are lighted and the braves are gathered round for the telling of stories. Young warriors are expected to be brief and modest. If they do not live up to this expectation, there are influences which keep them from too great loquacity. At intervals there comes striding into the circle the blanketed and impressive form of some grand sachem, who seats himself in his place of importance and begins his story. He is apt to be very long about it, since no one has the right to tell him to come to an end.

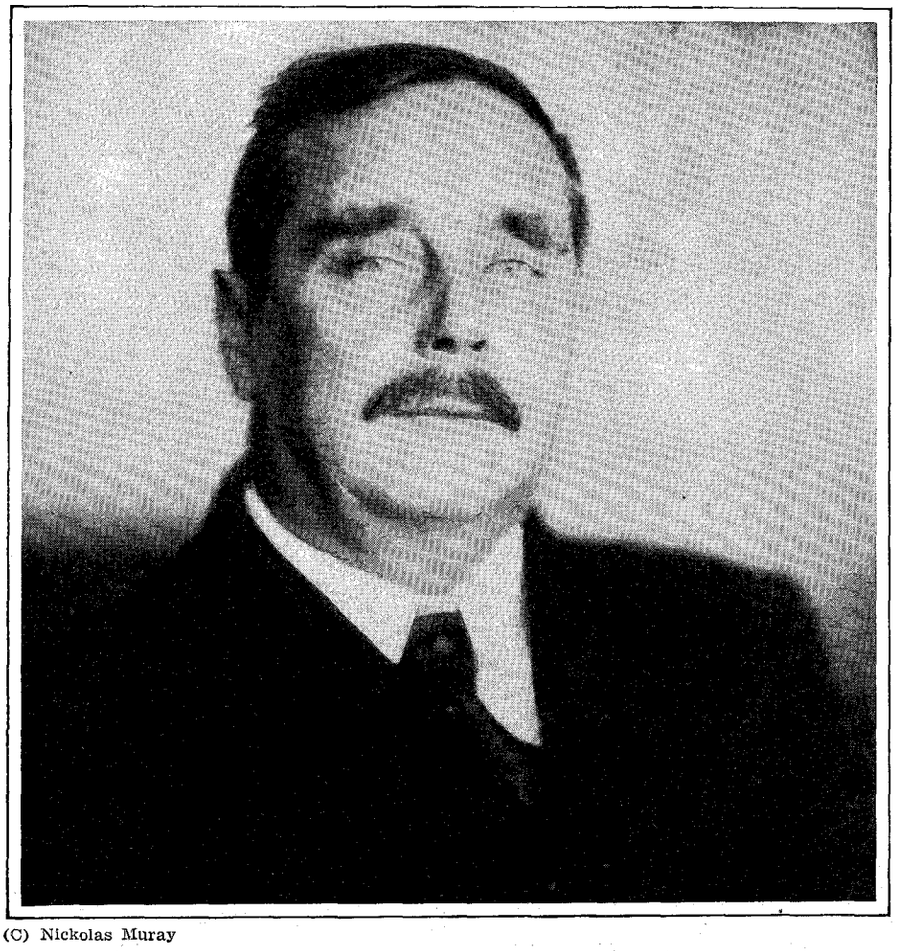
A few years ago we heard from a Heap Big Chief—no less than Bernard Shaw himself. Once he was a young fighter, and forced to be brief and witty. Now he is the venerable sachem who delivered himself of the tale called "Back to Methuselah," which lasted for night after night, and made his warmest admirers groan at its tedious length. We learned then how dangerous it is for one of these story-tellers to be able to talk as long as he likes.

Into the circle this autumn there have already come two great chiefs, H. G. Wells and Rudyard Kipling. Once, in the days of his youth, Mr. Wells told wonder-stories which have never been surpassed. But now he has set up as prophet-priest and lawgiver to all the tribes, although he still insists that he is to be received as a spinner of yarns as of old.

"The World of William Clissold"[1] is a substantial piece of so-called fiction in two volumes and nearly eight hundred pages. (What was that old ballad, by Mr. Kipling, about the passing of the three-volume novel?) It is divided into books and sections like a doctoral thesis, but it is much more interesting than ninety-nine per cent of the theses. Mr. Wells begins with a preface, before the title-page, in which he asserts that the work is a novel, and not a treatise nor a sermon, and that the hero, Clissold, is his own self and not his author's self. The author says that Clissold's views run close to the views of Mr. H. G. Wells, but that they are to be taken as the views of the imaginary character. Indeed, the Clissold opinions and the words in which they are expressed run so close to Mr. Wells's own writings—take the passage about Karl Marx, for instance—that if any one else had written this novel there could be a suit for infringement of copyright. I might add, by the way, that the views expressed about that old humbug, Marx, are sound and refreshing.

By diligent search a story may be extracted from all these pages. No plot is to be found, nor was one desired. William Clissold, an Englishman, who was killed in the sixtieth year of his age in an automobile accident in France this very year, 1926, sets out to tell the story of his life. He is a wealthy business man, a manufacturing chemist. He has much to say about his brother, a financier and public servant. Their interests in politics, and their own private experiences, together with their marriages and love affairs, fill perhaps two hundred pages. The other five hundred pages are devoted to their reflections upon English, French, and American politics, international affairs, education, business, love, sex and morality, warfare, the royal family, the future, country life in England and France, scenery, automobiling, tennis, swimming, literature and the stage, and some thirty-five or thirty-six other topics. It may give a clue to the nature of this remarkable book if I say that one or the other of the brothers Clissold meets or discusses these personages: Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle, Einstein, Philip Henry Gosse, Dean Inge, Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Wells himself, Dr. Jung (the psycho-analyst), Queen Victoria, King Edward, King George and Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, Karl Marx, Lenine, President Masaryk, President Wilson, President Coolidge, Mrs. Asquith (now Countess), Christopher Morley, Vishnu, Siva, Sidney Webb, Harry Furniss, Van Houten (the cocoa man), Filene (the department-store man of Boston), Lloyd George, Bottomley, Lord Rhondda, Clynes (the Labor leader), Lytton Strachey, Prime Minister Baldwin, practically all English Cabinet Ministers of the past fifteen years, Lord Northcliffe, William Randolph Hearst, the sons of Joseph Pulitzer, Maynard Keynes, Bernard Shaw, Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan,

[1] The World of William Clissold. A Novel at a New Angle. By H. G. Wells. 2 vols. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.



(C) Nickolas Muray

H. G. Wells

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Henry Ford, James Branch Cabell, H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, and a large number of others.

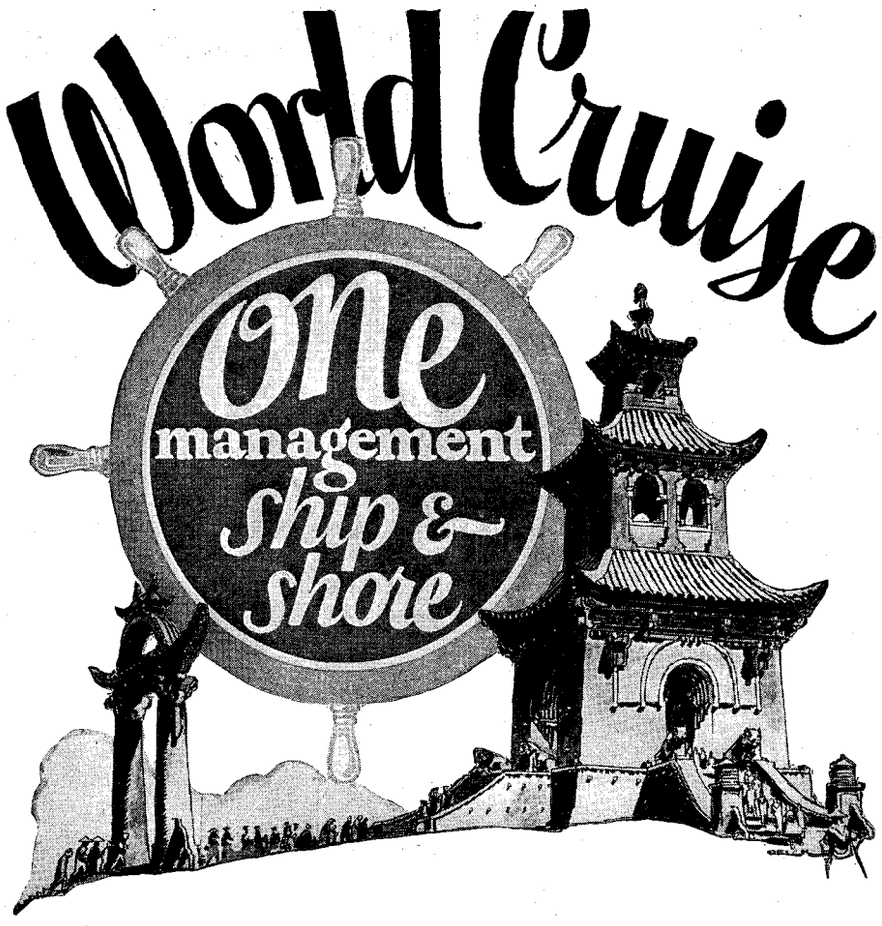
Throughout this encyclopædia there are many interesting pages; many, very many, wise observations; and, with all its long-windedness, so much escape from dullness that I have turned all its pages, neglected other work this week, and done no great amount of good to my eyes in reading it. Take, for instance, the summing up of Karl Marx and the whirlwind that he sowed in creating Soviet Russia:

"An imperfectly aerated old gentleman sits in the British Museum, suffering from a surfeit of notes, becomes impatient to set a generalization in control of his facts, and presently we have this harvest of tares."

Take also (it is too long to quote here) his observations on the net result of the outspoken qualities of modern fiction and conversation (Volume II, pages 374, 375). Take this amusing line: "I find the nightingales too abundant and very tiresome with their vain repetitions, but Clementina does not agree; her mind has been poisoned by literature, and she does not really hear the tedious noises they make, she hears Keats." And consider his amusing comments on English society hurrying home from France for the London season and for Henley and Ascot. The grave men in gray top-hats, the King and Queen, and "wherever there is a foreground there also will be the Countess of Oxford and Asquith." All of these folk gravely assembled, dressed with extraordinary attention, "and doing nothing, nothing whatever except being precisely and carefully there. . . . They have no God, and Michael Arlen is their prophet."

The great chief Wells has taken up my time and encroached upon my sleep and left me with small opportunity to do justice to the elder and greater chief, Kipling. I can only give an imperfect report upon his "Debits and Credits."[2] He, too, likes to reprove and admonish the sinful outside of the British Empire, but he is not first and foremost a preacher. He is still a story-teller; not the wizard of the days of Mulvaney, but still a teller of tales, a great medicine-man and magician. He sings at times, and sometimes sings badly. Senility, however, has not overcome him. He is vigorous, and never long-winded. Here are crisp conversations of men in the war, as in "Sea Constables;" war stories

[2] Debits and Credits. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.



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with a supernatural flavor, combined with genuine realism, as in "A Madonna of the Trenches;" two Stalky stories—"The United Idolaters" and "The Propagation of Knowledge;" and others, with intervening poems. The Stalky stories are amusing for those who like them; to my taste, Mr. Kipling's schoolboys are what themselves would call a lot of filthy little swine, whom I would gladly see weighted and thrown into the ocean off the Hobby Drive. They always seem to be straining themselves to bring in every last word of correct English schoolboy slang.

This book contains the poem "The Vineyard" and one short story which have provoked too much comment in the newspapers because of their reflections on America. Mr. Kipling considers himself half an American, and believes that we are men enough to stand caustic comment without becoming angry. "The Vineyard" is an expression of natural resentment, with only two lines which are false and indicative of bad sportsmanship. Mr. Kipling, like Sir Owen Seaman, seems to meet a good many disagreeable Americans, and to like to talk about them.

Admirers of Jane Austen should read this book if only to read the story called "The Janeites." Readers who enjoy a fine story for its own sake must not miss "The Bull that Thought." E. P.

Fiction

THE ENTERTAINING ANGEL. By Samuel Merwin. The J. H. Sears Company, New York. $1.50.

There is excellent story material here in the adventures of a theater company traveling by caravan from one little California town to another. There is romance also in the finding of one gifted actress in the caravan by a shy, nervous, and Septimus-like dramatic author, who buys the caravan in order to be near the girl.

SINISTER HOUSE. By Charles G. Booth. William Morrow & Co., New York. $2.

You may guess part of the answer to this murder and mystery tale of southern California, but we doubt if you can tell in advance all that happened when the emerald intaglios worth $300,000 disappeared, much less what became of them. The bootlegging and road-house scenes are startling enough; but fear not, the heroine escapes.

CANDAULES' WIFE, AND OTHER OLD STORIES. By Emily James Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

"Candaules' Wife" takes its title from the first of the five short stories in the book. They are gleaned from the histories of Herodotus, and credit is given him before each story by the insertion of a translation from the original. The contrast is interesting. The art of Emily James Putnam is far more amusing than Herodotus, and probably nearly as accurate. The author proceeds to take liberties, and her liberties are in the manner of a little delicate chucking under the chin of history.

The tragedy of King Candaules is the oldest tragedy, with variations. It is the triangle of the rich old man with a beautiful young wife and the lover. "King Candaules was a lover of the beautiful." His classic death moves his Queen to say, "At last he has done something really beautiful." "He who could not escape" is the spectacle familiar to law courts of the pardoned murderer repeating his crime. According to the Egyptians, Helen never reached Troy, and "Helen in Egypt" is an ironical story of how she wearied of a seasick Paris during the long voyage to Egypt, and decided to remain there at the king's right hand. In all the stories are characters who have their representatives to-day. Gyges, the lover of Candaules's wife, might have been a disciple of Freud; Hippoclides, who danced himself out of a wife, was probably one of the first Marathon dancers, while the soothsayers were no more foolish in the olden times than they are to-day.

A MANIFEST DESTINY. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Brentano's, New York. $2.50.

The action of Mr. Howden Smith's latest novel is spirited but not rapid, and the personal fortunes of his fictional hero seem to have interested the author less—or perhaps they interest one reader less—than those of the actual characters whom he did not invent but has tried with distinctly creditable success to interpret and vivify. Walker of Nicaragua, the once famous filibuster, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, the old Commodore, are the two outstanding figures, the clash of whose schemes and

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—*Thomas L. Masson, New York Evening Post*

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ambitions with their relation to the controllable and uncontrollable issues of a restless and exciting period he has handled with much effectiveness and a faithful effort to preserve historic truth. The book deserves its honorable place among that increasing group of comparatively recent novels, none of them inspired by genius, but which are alike valuable in that their honesty of purpose and picturesque rendering of eras and episodes in our country's development are able to reach and kindle many an unimaginative mind which plain history leaves cold.

Biography

MY HERESY. By Bishop William Montgomery Brown. The John Day Company, New York. $2.

Bishop William Montgomery Brown—we must not omit the "Bishop," for the author very highly values his episcopal standing in the Old Catholic Church—Bishop Brown calls his autobiography "My Heresy," "the autobiography of an idea." The average reader, we prophesy, will be interested more in the autobiography of the man. The author's trial for heresy at Cleveland in 1924 and his deposition from his rank as bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1925 at New Orleans are recent enough to attract to his story many readers who enjoy religious ideas most when a strong and highly colored light plays upon them. It will appeal also to those whose sympathies are rather with the sweep of modern ideas than with the mind's mastery of them. Bishop Brown gives an eager presentation of his life up from an illiterate boy till he became Bishop of Arkansas; then of his meeting with Karl Marx and with Darwin, and his subsequent abandonment of all orthodox ideas both economic and theological. The portrait presented is vivid—of a lovable personality, stronger perhaps in good will than in wit, and with a naïve but not unforgivable liking for bothering those with whom he differed.

Essays

MORE THINGS THAT MATTER. By Lord Riddell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Lord Riddell's earlier book of similar title was rather wider in its interests. It was political, historical, and literary. These papers, from "John O'London's Weekly," 1922–4, are nearly all concerned with current politics. Mr. Balfour, Winston Churchill, India, Marxian Socialism, America, Lord Haldane, Henry Ford, prohibition, General Smuts, China, business—these are some of the topics of these "leaders," as the English call them. In our tongue, editorials. A moderately interesting, not especially important book.

Poetry

A BOUQUET FROM FRANCE. One Hundred French Poems with English Translation in Verse and Brief Notes. By Wilfrid Thorley. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.25.

The poems are given in the original and in the author's translation in verse. They date from the earliest times to the present. The book is highly pleasing; Mr. Thorley's English version is respectable, sometimes charming verse. Naturally, it is not poetry of the first order. The first is that Provençal poem on which Swinburne founded his haunting "In an Orchard."

Religion

BUSINESS AND THE CHURCH. Edited by Jerome Davis. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

This valuable volume owes its appearance to Jerome Davis, head of the Social Service Department of Yale. Twenty-two contributors, mostly leaders in the business world, have given their sometimes divergent but always helpful views on how best

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EVOLUTION AND RELIGION IN EDUCATION. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Professor Osborn's present volume is a collection of his writings and addresses inspired by the Scopes trial, full of the sanity of a distinguished scientist who is yet a firm believer in religion and eager to share his convictions with his fellows. His attitude, for instance, is always kindly toward Mr. Bryan, who inspired him to many of the chapters. They center around Professor Osborn's belief that, as the future belongs to both science and religion, both must be taught in the public schools. There is the particularly good suggestion that an evolutionary outlook easily becomes ours if the subject is taught simply at first and without reference to its confusing Lamarckian, Darwinian, and other variants. The public schools, he is just as insistent, should teach religion constantly in such forms as the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. Fascinating lights on the evolutionary past of the race will be found by the reader, and even more the wholesome assumption that belief in their significance means no less faith in our religion.

Science

OUTWITTING MIDDLE AGE. By Carl Ramus, Surgeon, U. S. Public Health Service. The Century Company, New York. $2.

Eat vegetables, not meat, and drink plenty of yogurt. Cut out red meats, especially. Dr. Ramus's advice is generally reasonable enough; he is only emphatic on the advantages of vegetarianism, and the charms of yogurt, if you wish to live long and happily. Whatever you do, drink yogurt. We wonder whether these drinkers of sour milk really do live very long, or, as in the case of married men, does it merely *seem* long?

Children's Books

CAPTAIN SANDMAN. By Miriam Clark Potter. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Short stories for young children, simple yet fanciful little stories of that deceptive kind that seem as if they might have been made up offhand by anybody with a dash of imagination in response to that familiar demand of some insistent small person, "Now tell me a story about fairies," or "about a little girl just as big as me," or "about a little boy who ran away," or "about baby animals." But the very simplicity requires a special gift, to shun elaboration on one hand and flatness on the other, and especially, while making sure that all the suggestion is cheery and wholesome and occasionally even downright useful, to avoid the deadly fault of being obviously moral. These stories are just about right, and the illustrations in black and white by Sophia T. Balcom are as pleasant and whimsical as the text.

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Prohibition and the Civil Service

I. A letter from the General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America

FEELING sure that it is your desire to give the public the facts with reference to public questions, your attention is respectfully called to a number of inaccuracies in the article recently appearing in The Outlook entitled "The Reason Why," by Imogen B. Oakley. In this article, which dealt with the provision in the Volstead Act exempting Federal prohibition agents from Civil Service, Mrs. Oakley wrote:

> As first passed by Congress, the act conformed to the National Civil Service Law in providing that all offices in the new bureau should be put in the classified service. President Wilson sent the act back to Congress with his veto. The drys had a substantial majority in both houses, but it soon became evident that the two-thirds majority required to override the veto could not be furnished by the dry vote alone. Mr. Volstead therefore, to conciliate his opponents, agreed to an amendment which exempted all enforcement agents from the usual Civil Service rules and turned them over as spoils to the victors.

This statement does not accord with the facts and suggests a legal impossibility.

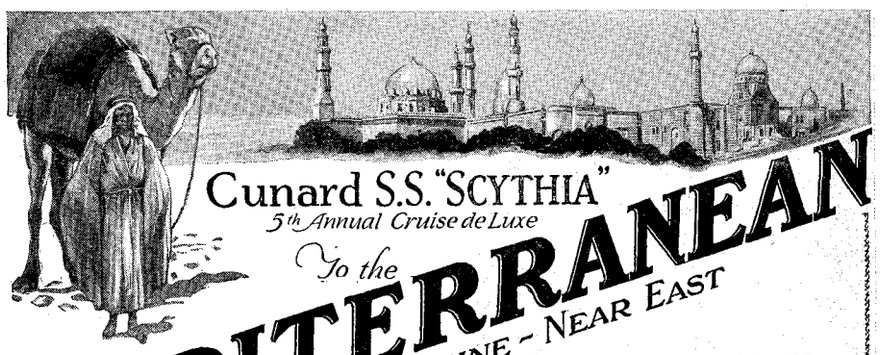
When a bill is vetoed by the President, so far as that particular bill is concerned, but one of two things can happen. No amendments can be offered. The bill must either be passed by a two-thirds vote over the President's veto, or, failing to secure the necessary two-thirds vote, not become a law. In the case of the National Prohibition Act, Mr. Volstead, not only did not agree to any amendment after the bill had been vetoed by President Wilson, but under the Constitution could not have done so had he desired. In the same article it is also stated:

> The Anti-Saloon League has offered from time to time to support a bill to repeal the exemption clause of the Volstead Act, but always with the proviso that all agents in actual service shall be "covered in"—that is, retain their offices without examination.

This statement is also inaccurate. In 1924 the Anti-Saloon League advocated the Cramton Bill which provided for the extension of Civil Service to prohibition agents. This bill did not "cover in" the personnel in the Prohibition Enforcement Unit, but would have applied the Civil Service Act to that Unit the same as to other departments. Even before this the Anti-Saloon League had gone on record in favor of Civil Service for prohibition agents.

Two years later, in the Sixty-ninth Congress, when a bill providing for Civil Service for prohibition agents was pending, the Anti-Saloon League earnestly advocated its passage. This bill would have required all employees of the Prohibition Unit to take the Civil Service examination except those already having a Civil Service status. It should also be noted that this bill related solely to Civil Service for prohibition employees and contained no other controversial subjects relating to prohibition enforcement, as did the Cramton Bill in the Sixty-eighth Congress. Notwithstanding this, and although the bill passed the House on March 29, 1926, it was prevented from coming to a vote in the Senate by Senator Bruce and other wet Senators.

On each occasion the writer either appeared personally or filed a memorandum with the committees of Congress before whom the bill was pending and urgently requested a favorable consideration and



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early passage of the measure. In December, 1922, through the courtesy of the National Civil Service Reform League, the writer was permitted to address the Annual Meeting of the League to outline the position of the Anti-Saloon League upon the question of Civil Service for prohibition agents. At that time the writer said in part:

> I regret any misunderstanding concerning the attitude of the Anti-Saloon League toward a bill to put Federal prohibition agents under Civil Service. We have never been opposed to it, but have been practical enough to accept the best possible when the perfect best was unattainable. It was impossible to secure Civil Service except for the clerical force in the original bill.—(Report of the Proceedings, Forty-second Annual Meeting, National Civil Service Reform League, page 36.)

If you will publish this letter for the sake of historical accuracy, it will be appreciated. W. B. WHEELER.

Before this letter of Mr. Wheeler's was received there came to us a similar letter from Samuel Wilson, Assistant Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey. In order that both sides might be authoritatively stated to our readers, we sent Mr. Wilson's letter to William Dudley Foulke, who was a member of the United States Civil Service Commission from 1901 to 1903, and has been associated with the National Civil Service Reform League, of which he has been the President. There follows Mr. Foulke's reply:

II. A letter from the former President of the National Civil Service Reform League

MRS. OAKLEY was mistaken in saying that as first passed by Congress the Volstead Act conformed to the National Civil Service Law in providing that all offices in the new bureau should be put in the classified service. The clause excepting the field service of the Enforcement Unit from the law and making these places the spoils of political plunderers was already in the bill as drafted by Mr. Volstead in co-operation with the Anti-Saloon League. When Mr. Wilson says there was no amendment after the President's veto and "no compromising in the interest of the spoils system," he does not tell you that this compromise (or rather surrender) had already been made, that these places had already been given up to Congressional patronage, and that the Anti-Saloon League made no whimper of protest or objection, but supported the clause, taking these places out of the classified service, just as they supported all the rest of the bill. Mr. Harry W. Marsh, Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League, on behalf of that League, protested in vain to Mr. Volstead and to Mr. Wheeler against this clause. It was not until years afterwards, not until the debauchery in the Enforcement Unit became widespread and general, that the Anti-Saloon League showed any willingness to repair the evil which their own dereliction had caused and to support any measure restoring these places to the classified service, and even then the bill they favored proposed to classify all the miscreants and criminals then in the service, without any new examinations or tests of character whatever, and also proposed to except those highest in the service, where much of the greatest corruption existed! Finally, when the situation became even more desperate, the Anti-Saloon League supported the Cramton Bill, which proposed to classify the whole service, but their claim that "for years" they had insistently advocated that prohibition be placed under Civil Service rules has a very tardy and incomplete foundation.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

Phonograph Records

QUARTET NO. 6 IN D MINOR—DEATH AND THE MAIDEN (Schubert). Played by the London String Quartet. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

As the first complete string quartet to be recorded through a microphone and presented to the American public, Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet deserves applause. But even if string quartets lined our phonograph catalogues by the dozen, this particular set of records would be an outstanding achievement.

To begin with, the quartet itself (composed in Vienna a hundred years ago) is one of the very best in chamber-music literature. It is filled with Schubert's rich, ceaseless flow of melody. And it has more than merely the lyric sweetness of so many of Schubert's songs. It has biting rhythm, stimulating musical thought, skillful weaving of instrumental parts. The London Quartet gives it a bold, energetic reading—not as suave a one as might be expected from that distinguished musical foursome, but with great polish and confidence.

Its reproduction comes nearer to reality than that of any other record or set of records I have yet heard. Before going further I must qualify this statement by explaining that the limited range of tone and dynamics of a string quartet makes it the easiest type of music to record. But after playing the records on one of the improved designs of phonographs, one finds it hard to believe that one has not heard the exact tones of the original performance.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS—Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine (Wagner). Played by symphony orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. Victor.

THE VALKYRIE—Fire Music (Wagner). Played by symphony orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates. Victor.

LOHENGRIN—The Bridal Chorus; Prelude Act III (Wagner). Played by symphony orchestra with chorus, conducted by Albert Coates. Victor.

Three Wagner selections, made in England by an unnamed orchestra under the direction of Albert Coates, bring us the best orchestral recordings yet produced. This is no small praise, when such admirable discs exist as Goldmark's "In Springtime," Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," and Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," thrillingly recorded by the Chicago, Philadelphia, and London Orchestras. But listen to the *pianissimo* horns, trumpets, and trombones at the close of "Siegfried's Journey"—and to the echoing horn calls earlier in the piece. Listen to the answering violins and 'cellos in the first part of this recording. Never have these instruments seemed so real, so full of beauty of tone. In the "Fire Music" and the "Lohengrin Prelude" the declaiming brass thunder forth with thrilling volume without distorting in the slightest the clarity of the rest of the orchestration. I should give "Siegfried's Journey" first place, with the "Fire Music" running a close second. There is nothing stiff or reserved in Coates's conducting, and his orchestra shows the happy effects of discipline, which are not evident in some earlier recordings of his which I have heard.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, IN B MINOR (Schubert). Played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

For a proper enjoyment of the opening theme, played by 'cellos and basses, the full range of electrical recording is necessary. The first few measures of Sir Henry J. Wood's performance bring this enjoyment. In fact, all through the symphony the clarity of the instrumental parts is a delight. The performance is not wholly inspired. The orchestra is competent, but suffers somewhat by comparison with our "crack" American symphony orchestras. Yet the "Unfinished" is so full of beauty of its own that it does not need a Toscanini or a Philadelphia Orchestra to come to its rescue.

SONATA IN F MINOR, Opus 5, for Pianoforte (Brahms). Played by Percy Grainger. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

Percy Grainger can claim another feather for his cap, not only as a technician, but as an interpreter of great music.

The Brahms sonata makes large demands on the performer, and Grainger meets them fully. The music is as varied as life itself—sometimes meditative, poetic; sometimes impetuous, thundering, discontented; sometimes dramatic; sometimes simple and outspoken; always invigorating. Brahms frees his composition from orthodoxy by introducing an extra movement between scherzo and finale. It is called "Intermezzo," is brief, and is like a patch of blue in a stormy sky.

Both the playing and recording of the sonata are unusually good. The piano imprisoned in a record has never been quite satisfactory, in spite of immense recent improvements, but these

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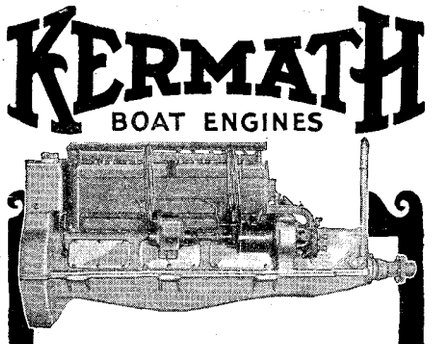

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PAGLIACCI—Prologue (Leoncavallo). Sung by Lawrence Tibbett. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

AIDA—Act IV, La fatal pietra; Morir! si pura e bella; O terra addio (Verdi). Sung by Rosa Ponselle and Giovanni Martinelli with chorus. In four parts, on two records. Victor.

Here we have opera really coming into its own on the phonograph. Formerly an aria was crammed into one face of a record at any cost. It then ceased to become opera and became in whole what most opera is in part—mere vocal display. A recent exception was the death scene from "La Bohême," a vivid dramatic excerpt. The two recordings listed above are also steps in the same direction. Lawrence Tibbett brings the "Pagliacci" prologue to life—well enough to disappoint one that no curtain will thereupon go up. The brilliant orchestration is well reproduced. The "Aïda" excerpt is complete enough to carry the spirit of the opera, too. But there is no excuse for the soloists singing as near the microphone as they do; their voices are unpleasantly loud, and the illusion of drama is hindered.

BLUE DANUBE WALTZ; TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS (Strauss). Played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor.

This record is remarkable, not so much for the music itself or the performance, but for the conditions under which the recording was made, and the results therefrom. The orchestra is heard playing in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, its home setting. The echo in the hall—its acoustics—can be distinguished. The music sounds as if it were in three-dimensional space, not just coming out of a phonograph. Sometimes the tone is confused, but this is more than offset by the added reality. Undoubtedly, future recording will take concert-hall acoustics into consideration more. I feel sure that Albert Coates has been working along somewhat similar lines in his English recordings. It is a record well worth hearing. Stokowski, of course, gives a brilliant rendition of the waltzes.

Piano Rolls

SONATA PATHETIQUE—First Movement (Beethoven). Played by Wilhelm Bachaus. Duo-Art.

Beethoven's somber and restless mood, which conceived the "Sonata Pathetique," is given a virile portrayal by Bachaus, who achieves great sonority in his use of keyboard and pedal. A new interpretation of this sonata is always welcome.

BERCEUSE, Opus 57 (Chopin). Played by Josef Hofmann. Duo-Art.

It is disappointing to find the delicacy and spirituality of a composition lacking in its performance. Hofmann seems to have been unable to extract these qualities from the "Berceuse," and the result is a performance that is brilliant, skillful, but unconvincing.

Contributors' Gallery

DIXON MERRITT contributes an article on "Corn," from his family farm in Tennessee. He writes us exultingly that he has just won at the county fair blue ribbons for his corn, both red and yellow. Credit for the prize won by the yellow corn belongs, he says, to his colored farmer, Tom Doss. Tom Doss is rejoicing, not only in the fact that he won the prize, but that he has just bought a small farm and will soon be on his own.

CHARLES K. TAYLOR has just returned from abroad, after a summer devoted to the study of English schools and English methods of education. With him on his trip were three American schoolboys, chosen for their special capacity. They were able to meet the English boys on their own ground, were invited to stay overnight in the dormitories, and made entirely at home.

EDWIN W. HULLINGER is an experienced newspaper man, for many years a United Press correspondent. He has traveled extensively in Europe, spending two years in France to cover the Peace Conference and thereafter the French Foreign Office. He was sent to Russia in 1921 and was there about a year. He has been four times in Germany.

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By the Way

OUR Cos Cob correspondent recently visited New York and made the deplorable discovery that the retail price of an oyster stew has risen to 60 cents. It was 50 cents when he last visited the metropolis, in September, 1925. Further, he avers: "For half a century the standard price of an oyster stew was 25 cents, with a dozen oysters in the bowl. Now there are but eight. Moreover, the savor of the stew has departed. There is no oyster flavor discernible, and the mess is perked up with paprika and Worcestershire. Out upon such artificialities! Bring back the liquor of the bivalve and let me taste it once more before I die."

The American banquet has been described by a popular after-dinner speaker as "an affair where a speaker first eats a lot of food he doesn't want and then proceeds to talk about something he doesn't understand to a crowd of people who don't want to hear him."

Happiness is a taxicab, says Don Marquis, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your reach, but which, if you will sit down quietly, will run over you.

Chavis Kaye sends in a story of Colonel Roosevelt's ready wit. The colonel was visiting Tuskegee Institute in company with Booker T. Washington, and wished to meet all of the staff. Finally the assistant librarian and her little daughter were presented to him. "Mrs. River," he acknowledged, smiling his well-known smile, and extending his hand. Then, glancing down at the little girl, he said, "And this, I suppose, is Miss Rivulet."

A recent survey carrying a Washington date line states that the problem of merchandising second-hand radio sets is becoming as important a business as that of selling second-hand automobiles. The survey claims that the great majority of radio fans start with small sets and gradually work up to the many-tubed receivers, providing a continual and ever-increasing supply of "trade-in" sets. It is predicted that the coming winter will see many "used radio sales."

Taking the line of least resistance is what makes rivers—and some men—crooked.

"Have you had any experience with children?" the lady asked of a prospective maid.

"No, ma'am. I've always worked for the best families."

From the "Progressive Grocer:"

"This plant," said the gardener, "belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady. "How kind of you to look after it while they're away!"

Our request for short poems in this column of September 15 brought one which beat ours for brevity:

I
My!

Others contributed were:

Boy?
Joy!!

and

High speed,
Care need.
Care nil,
Bad spill.

We note with interest that the Hearst papers in New York have engaged the following talent to report the Halls-Mills murder trial: Theodore Dreiser, author of "The American Tragedy," for the general description of the court-room scene; Mary Roberts Rinehart for the "woman's angle;" and the Rev. Billy Sunday to point the moral.

From the Allison "Recorder:"

Orator: "Again I ask what should every man do when he hears that still small voice—"

Another Voice: "Get up and walk the floor with the kid."

You have a dollar, I have a dollar. We swap.
Now you have my dollar—I have your dollar—
We are no better off.
You have an idea, I have an idea. We swap.
Now you have two ideas and I have two ideas—
Both are richer.
What you gave you have; what I got, you did not lose.
This is co-operation.

A glass "crying room" has been installed in the Grand Lake Theatre, Oakland, California. This enables the mother to follow the story of the film while pacifying her turbulent infant.

From "Smith's Weekly:"

"What's the strike about?"

"I dunno, but we're in th' right."

The record long-distance telephone charge was run up by John J. Murdock when he phoned Chicago from San Francisco during the recent stage-hands' strike. His bill was $2,157.80 for 315 minutes of conversation.

From "Shear Nonsense:"

Salesman (who for three hours has tried to sell a car): "Now, sir, I'll throw in the clutch."

Uncle Hiram: "I'll take her, then. I knew if I held out long enough I'd get something for nothing."

The Department of Commerce states that $141,488,000 worth of cosmetics and perfumery was produced in this country in 1925, a rise of nineteen per cent over the previous year.

From "Life:"

"O mother, guess what! I just saw a lady with great long hair gathered up in a bump on top of her head and held there with a piece of bent wire."

"Punch" reports that a man jumped from the cliffs near Calais after running three miles. He was picked up two miles out at sea. This, "Punch" believes, is the first attempt to jump the Channel.

"Kind sir, would you give me a nickel for a cup of coffee?

"Sorry, old man. I don't drink coffee."

From the "Christian Advocate:"

Scene: Sunday morning in a drug-store: "Can you give me change for a dime, please?"

Druggist: "Certainly, and I hope you enjoy the sermon."

Here is a conundrum: The answer will be printed in this column next week:

I am a man of letters.
Seven letters in my name.
I give to you the first and second
And then remain just the same.
The third and fourth may please you better;
Each of you may take a letter—
I give them all as they are ranged
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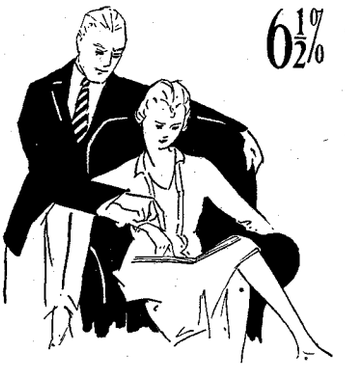

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